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EUCHRE.

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It was not for the love of lucre,
'Twas simply for pastime and fun,
That we took a hand at euchre
After the day was done.

Maud, who was fair-formed and supple,
I, her most dutiful "flame,"
And another loving young couple
Just made up four for the game.

Maud's eyes—they were real sublime ones—
Shone on me softly black,
I forget the knave of diamonds
Was high trump of the pack.

In fact I was in the flurry
Which of passionate love is born—
Sweet love which in a hurry
Laughs other thoughts to scorn.

I was called from my dreamland of flowers,
And checked were my heart's quick thumps,
When I found in my hand both bowers
And the king and the ten of trumps.

Then my thoughts in the game were enlisted,
I was certain of making four,
When my partner, Maud, assisted,
Thus destroying my chance of the score.

Then I said to myself, fair maiden,
I would you'd assist me through life,
For the future with joy would be laden!
From the hour that I called you my wife.

There is luck when the player don't falter;
One year from that day be it known
I led my dear girl to the altar,
And have never since "gone it alone."

Now the knot of our love has been twisted
By a cherub from regions unknown,
But (perhaps 'tis because I assisted)
The baby can't yet "go alone."

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARRIED AGAIN—INQUIRIES—THE STROLLER AND HIS CHILD—THE RED MARK—MR. AND MRS. MATTHEWS—TRAMPS—AS LIKE AS SISTERS.

The autumn sun was shining in all its declining beauty over the sparkling waters of the Forth, tinting the shores and hills with a thousand varied hues, making the many windows of Auld Reekie glow with living fire, and crowning the lion-crested hill which springs from the plain beside the city, like some giant guardian of her peace, with a golden coronet of gleaming rays.

The tide of busy life went on as ever, heedless of joy or sorrow, mirth or care; on, on, down the ever-broadening, ever quickening stream which sweeps the workers in our busy hive from time to eternity.

Four uneventful years have passed away since the Scottish shores had aught to do with the incidents of our story—since Arthur Brooks and his fair girl-wife sought a resting-place in the little village, and left their infant, as it proved, to die—to fill a little grave in a Scottish cemetery, where only now and then at rare intervals its mother's eyes might look upon its resting-place.

There is a monument there now; and all the world may know, if it cares to read, that the delicately sculptured infant form, looking so real in its purity, which forms one of the chief attractions of the pretty burying-place, is there in remembrance of Laura Sophia, beloved child of Harold Arthur, Lord Dornton, and Laura his wife, and the grave is pointed out to strangers, and the story of the terrible fate of the pretty child, and the romance of its father's and mother's history is told over and over again by the old keeper of the ground.

He is never weary of speaking of the young lady who came to see where her child lay—of her beauty, her grace, her liberality to him, or of her husband's generosity, and noble qualities generally.

It was getting an old story now, the bit of romance connected with Cord Dornton, and his lovely young wife was quite the rage.

There had been a second marriage, with all the fashionable attendant ceremonies, and Lady Lorton's heart was set at rest, and the young and beautiful Lady Dornton became at once the beauty of the fashionable world.

The Earl of Lorton still lived, but in very feeble health; his embarrassments growing smaller as time went on, and bidding fair in due course to vanish altogether.

Laura had had her wish; she had visited all the places in Scotland where she had been with her husband in the "days of their perplexities," as he laughingly called the time when they were traveling about in secret; she had burst upon the eyes of the astonished Mrs. Duff like a fairy vision, making that good lady believe herself from that time henceforth one of the acutest of women.

"Mrs. Brooks, as I'm a living woman!" she exclaimed, as the carriage stopped, and Lord Dornton handed his wife down, "looking so well and happy too."

"Lady Dornton, Mrs. Duff," replied his lordship, with a smile. "We shall have to introduce ourselves, I see."

Mrs. Duff was too astonished for her ever-ready tongue to make any reply.

She could only ejaculate, "Well, I never!" and courtesy her very lowest to her distinguished guests, whose condescension seemed marvellous in her eyes.

Laura gave her a valuable recognition of her never forgotten kindness, and the tears stood in the homely landlady's eyes as she parted from her.

"*I knew* he was a lord!" was her triumphant exclamation as they drove away; and the future countess had leaned out of the carriage to give her hand a parting shake.

"Duff always called me a fool when I spoke about it; if he'd been only alive now to see my words come true!"

For Mr. Duff had been gathered to his fathers, to the great relief of the neighborhood generally, and people did say to the special gratification of his widow, but then people are so malicious, especially in country places where they have nothing to do but talk of each other's affairs.

They had been to Kinghorn with a kind remembrance for every one whose kindness had helped them through their difficulties there. Lady Dornton had been duly introduced to Dr. Cameron, and Mr. and Mrs. Matthews had been substantially remembered.

The lovely little girl by her mother's side brought sad memories to Laura; it seemed so like what she could have fancied her own had it lived, and her tears fell upon its little upturned face, as the little engaging darling of four years old looked into her face with all a child's confiding innocence, gratified at the sparkling brooch that fastened her shawl.

"She is very engaging," she said, with a sigh, giving her finger into the soft clasp of the dimpled little hand.

"Why, what is this, Mrs. Matthews?"

"It's only a mark, my lady, I always hoped it would wear away, but it doesn't; it seems to grow darker instead."

"It's very curious," replied Lady Dornton, caressing the tiny fingers. "It looks exactly as if some one had given her a switch with a whip or something. Perhaps it will go away; it won't be much seen when she grows up. You are happier than I am, Maggie; you have kept your single darling, while *both* mine are gone from me; and yet yours seemed the most feeble baby at first.

"So it did," replied Mrs. Mathews. "There's no accounting for those things, but please God you'll have more to fill their places and make you happy again, my lady. You'll hear Lorton bells ringing for a bonnie son and heir by-and-by, and then you won't fret so after them that are gone."

"I hope so, I am sure," said Lord Dornton, who had come behind them unobserved. "And when that time comes, I won't forget you for your prophecy, Mrs. Matthews."

And with kind, kind adieus they drove away.

"The world seems to be going well with them," his lordship remarked. "They look comfortably off."

"Oh, yes; she said so. And what a lovely child it has grown."

"I didn't notice particularly. It seemed a fat little thing."

"Fat! Oh Arthur, is that all? As if it were a prize pig. It is the loviest little creature I ever saw, but it had an odd mark on its hand."

"A mark on its hand?"

"Yes, across the back."

STARTLING TERMINATION OF A TRAGEDY.

[See story of "SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS."]

"What was it like, Laura? Describe it."

"What makes you so interested all at once? You did'nt seem to care for hearing anything about the baby just now."

"No, babies are not of much interest to a man. I felt curious when you spoke of a mark, that was all," he replied in a light tone, though there was an eagerness in his face, had his wife seen it, which belied his words.

"It was a red streak," she said, "just like the mark of a whip right across the back of the hand. Just there," she continued, drawing her finger over the spot. "As plain as if it had been burnt in. Why you're not listening after all, Arthur."

Her husband was still Arthur to her; it was long before she learned to call him Harold, and he did indeed appear to be paying no attention to her words. He was looking out at the opposite side of the cariage, but he heard all.

"The very place!" he muttered. "Pshaw! it can be nothing but a coincidence after all. I'll say nothing to Laura about it; she'd be fancying all sorts of things.

At Perth they heard for the first time of the infant which had lain unclaimed at the Infirmary, and a wild feeling, half hope, half fear, took possession of Laura, that it might have been her child, saved by a something akin to a miracle, from the general destruction.

They made every possible inquiry, but there seemed no doubt about the identity of the dead child.

The Infirmary officials informed them that the unowned child had been removed to the workhouse, and they believed it had afterwards been claimed by its parents or relations.

To the workhouse they went accordingly, but only to learn the confirmation of what they had heard.

A man had come forward and claimed the child, stating that he was its father, that his sister had had the charge of it, and was among the dead; that he himself, and his wife, had been in a remote part of England at the time, and had only been able to get to Perth on that day, following their profession as they came.

"And what were they?" asked Lady Dornton, much interested.

"Show people of some sort, ma'am," was the answer, "but they seemed very clear about it and that accounted for the child being rather smart."

"Smart—have you any of its things?"

"No, ma'am, they took them all away; I don't remember much about it, but there was a good bit of ribbon among them, bows and things, and there was one thing in particular as the man identified in a minute."

"What was that?"

"A necklace of some sort ma'am. I didn't take much notice of what it was like, for we were very busy that day, very busy indeed, but he took that up directly, and said if he had not recognized his child that would have been proof enough."

"Strange," murmured Laura; "a necklace too. But I must not give way to such fancies. The thing is as clear as the daylight. What was the man's name, did you say?"

"The name he gave us, ma'am, was Thomas—John Thomas—but it mightn't be his real one you know. However, he was very sure about the child."

Laura was satisfied, but had she known what a good actor Mr. John Thomas was in his way she might have had her doubts still. And Harold Lord Dornton, and Laura, his wife, went their way childless for the present; and Mrs. Matthews nursed her brown-eyed baby, with the mark across its hand, by the blue waves of the Forth; and John Thomas and his wife traveled the country with a golden-haired, blue-eyed infant, sufficiently like the flaxen-headed woman who toiled wearily along beneath its weight, to be her daughter, which helpless little one was to be fed and cared for, even though they went cold and hungry themselves, for she was to be trained to be something wonderful in the strolling world, and to make their fortune some day.

And so time flew on—on leaden wings to the hopeless and weary, on fairy pinions to the lighter-hearted—and another daughter came to Lady Dornton to help to fill the vacant place in her heart; a dark-haired, dark-eyed little one, resembling the Countess of Lorton in complexion, and her father in features; hardly a trace of her mother in her little face.

They called her Agnes; the name of Laura was too much associated with her dead child in Laura's heart, to let them give her that name; so she received at a splendid christening, which made Lord and Lady Dornton look back with mingled feelings to the registrar's little office at Kinghorn, the name of her paternal grandmother.

She grew on loved and lovely till she was two years old, and then preparations were making again for the advent of an heir to the title and estates of Lorton.

The earl had been sadly disappointed at the arrival of a little lady instead of the boy who was to bear his ancient name, and lord it as he had done over his wide domains.

"So there's an heir at last," said Matthews to his wife, laying down the paper as he spoke; "won't his lordship be proud now?"

"He didn't seem to care much about girls," returned Mrs. Matthews, looking up from her work. She was as pretty as ever, and her lovely face and somewhat coquetish manner made her admired by every one, and talked about considerably into the bargain, but her features had lost their delicacy, and her face looked as if she drank more than was good for her; still there was the same singular likeness to Lady Dornton. She had never had any more children, and the little four-year-old Maggie, the admiration of all the village, seemed in a fair way to be spoiled through being an only child.

"Wonder what they'll call him," she continued, "after his father, I suppose; what's his name? Harold, ain't it?"

"Harold Arthur; but that's not the Lorton name. His lordship was the second son, you know, the eldest one was Charles; the earl's name was Charles and his father's before him."

"Oh! they'll keep to it then. My! are those tramps coming here?".

They were, and half the children in the place at their heels—a coarse looking man, dusty and travel-worn, and a weary, worn-out woman.

There was sufficient evidence of their calling about them, in the bits of tawdry finery here and there visible in their costume, and, straying carnerwise out of two or three bundles which lay beside a drum in a little cart, drawn by the meanest and most miserable of all the donkey race.

In the cart, among the packages, her head resting on a bit of rolled-up carpet, lay a little child asleep. She was coarsely dressed, and a sunbonnet of some cotton stuff covered her head and hid her face; but two or three curls of fair silky hair showed themselves from under it, seemingly all too delicate for such surroundings.

Mrs. Matthews came forward anything but courteously to attend to the strangers' wants; and when the man asked if they could have a bed, her indignation broke into words:—

"A bed, indeed!—not here," she replied snappishly. "You should have asked lower down in the village."

"So we did," said the woman pitifully, "and they were full, leastways they said so. We can pay, ma'am, indeed we can."

"If it was only for my missus and the little 'un," continued the man, "I shouldn't care for myself; but she," jerking his thumb at the woman, "can't go further. I'd put her into the cart, but the donkey's got mor'n he can manage now."

"A child, did you say?" said Mrs. Matthews, softening. "Where is it."

"Out in the cart there asleep; just such another as your'n—mortal like her too, ain't she Betsy?"

"Exactly," returned the woman, a painful flush overspreading her thin face. "As like as if they were sisters."

A child's voice, calling "mammy," summoned her to the door, and in a minute or two she came back, a little girl holding by her finger. Mrs. Matthews started back with a short cry, for at the first glance it seemed the very double of her own.

"Matthews," she called, "come here."

"What is it?"

"Look at that child. Who is she like?"

Matthews looked from his own child to the stranger, with a sort of puzzled wonder.

"I should have said she was mine, but for her eyes," he said, "if I hadn't had little Maggie before me. She's the image of Lady Dornton, wife."

"It's very odd," she said musingly; and certainly the resemblance between the two children was wonderful.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HEIR OF LORTON—LORTON CASTLE—THE FAMILY NURSE—THE LORTON BRAND—THE STORY OF IT—A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

The birth of the heir at Lorton Castle, the notice of which Mr. Matthews read to his wife over their counter at Kinghorn, was a source of great joy to the Earl and Countess of Lorton, who had been much disappointed at the arrival of the little miss, or as the servants called her, Lady Agnes.

She was now a "toddling wee thing" of two years old, beautiful and engaging as a fairy, winning the hearts of all who saw her by her beauty and infantine grace, but she could not inherit the broad acres of Lorton; now, however, the wished-for boy had appeared, and all in and about the castle were in extacies of delight.

Bonfires blazed, and merry peals rang from the little rural church tower, and a tree was planted on the lawn by the earl, in joyful commemoration of the birth of his grandson.

Lord Dornton was proud of his heir, but to Laura he was indeed a priceless treasure. Her love would have been the same had her infant been boy or girl, so it lived to call her mother, but she rejoiced for her husband's sake, knowing the joy it would bring to him and his parents.

It was with thankful loving pride that she watched the interest with which he scanned the tiny face and took the tiny form into his arms; it was his son, his heir, his successor, and his imagination leaped the long years which must intervene and sprang into the future, picturing his boy growing up his companion and trusted friend.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Laura, as he stood beside her with the infant in his arms.

"I was castle building, I belive," he replied, with a smile, recalled to the present by her words, "picturing this young gentleman here grown up and riding about with me, fancying him first in everything at school, and winning all the honors at college; thinking of a fine young man following the hounds, and taking all responsibility off the shoulders of his elderly father."

"And giving his arm to his elderly mamma," said Laura, laughing. "What a leap into futurity you are taking, Harold!"

"Pretty well, I must confess," he returned, "but I think the very touch of an infant like this sets one speculating. Take care of him, Mrs. Meeking, he'll have a good deal of responsibility on his shoulders some day."

Mrs. Meeking was the nurse of the Lorton family, getting rather old now, but equal to her business still. She had presided at the birth of Lord Dornton himself, and his twin brother some half hour older, who had had the family name bestowed upon him, and during whose brief life Harold Arthur had only been second son.

Mrs. Meeking had kept up her connection, as she called it, with the family, and was of great repute among the upper ten thousand as a lady's nurse.

Laura did not like her much when she first saw her, but the countess would have been so grieved had she refused her valuable services that she made no objection.

She was very fond of her husband's amiable mother, and would have yielded to her wishes in any reasonable matter, and when she found how well her little girl had thriven and been cared for, she made no objection to the old nurse on the second occasion.

Lord Dornton was a great favorite with the old lady, so, though she bridled up a little at his words, she didn't take offence at them, as she might have done had they been spoken by any one else, for it was an infirmity of hers to be rather "short tempered," as she herself expressed it, and she only said:—

"I'll take as much care of him, my lord, as I took of you, if that will satisfy you and my lady."

"It ought," said the young man; "according to my mother all the care that could be lavished upon any mortal baby was taken of me. I'm a tolerable specimen, I think; eh, Laura?"

But Mrs. Meeking pronounced sentence of banishment upon him, and would not allow him to talk to his wife any more.

His mother was never tired of expatiating on the beauties of her grandson, and almost wearied her son with her exclamations of delight at the event happening where she had so desired it might, at Lorton Castle.

"It was so kind of dear Laura to come here," she would say twenty times a day. "I know she likes Mayfield better than this, but there never was an heir born anywhere but at Lorton."

"I hope I may sufficiently impress that fact upon this young gentleman when he grows up," said her son, laughing. "It will never do to have the rule broken."

"You always laugh at me, Harold," said his mother. "I think it's very important."

"Very," he replied, with a comical face, and the matter dropped.

Mayfield had been given up to the young people, and Laura liked it far better than Lorton, with its stately and somewhat gloomy grandeur, which overwhelmed her, and made her feel, as she laughingly told her husband, "so very insignificant." But the countess was so anxious that the heir should be born at the family residence that the young people had moved thither for the present, and the countess' heart had been gladdened by the arrival of a fine boy under the protecting grandeur of the old towers of Lorton.

A handsome suite of apartments had been set aside for Laura, and in one of these, a snug room, half boudoir, half dressing room, Mrs. Meeking took up her abode. It was one of the most cheerful rooms in that part of the castle, occupying a portion of one of the two great towers. It had been modernised, and its ancient loopholes transformed into pleasant, good sized windows, with deep seats.

Laura sat there a great deal, and, its aspect being southerly, the nurse selected it in preference to a larger and more commodious apartment on the other side of her mistress' chamber. There, then, she was seated in state, with the under nurse in humble attendance upon her, on the second morning of the little one's life.

The mystery of the baby's toilet had been satisfactorily gone through, and he lay on her lap, his little form almost lost in the fine muslin and lace borders with which she had invested him. He was a very fine baby, and some of the upper servants, who paid great court to the all-important nurse, were to be admitted to see him.

By-and-bye they came, one or two of them who could number their years of service by the score, for the earl and countess were a good master and mistress, and their servants seldom sighed for change. Some half dozen were admitted at this particular time, and looked and admired to their hearts' content.

Nurses like to be flattered about the appearance of their charges, and Mrs. Meeking was not wholly above the weaknesses of her race.

The servants gone, the housekeeper appeared; she had been admitted on the preceding evening, but came to look again, to inquire after her ladyship, and to have a gossip with the nurse, who was an acquaintance of many a long year. She herself had grown grey in the service of the Lortons, and was much respected by them all.

"And so her ladyship had a comfortable night, ma'am; poor dear, I'm glad to hear it, and the little gentleman here? I must nave a good look at him this morning, I felt flustered last night. I didn't like to look at him too close, my lady the countess being here you know, besides it being candlelight, and my old eyes are none of the best."

"He'll bear looking at," was Mrs. Meeking's response. "He's a fine healthy child, and I don't know but his mother's right to nurse him herself, though ladies don't do it."

Laura had insisted on following the dictates of her own heart in the matter, and performing what she rightly considered the duty of every mother.

"It mayn't be in the fashion, but it's a woman's duty; that's my opinion," said the old housekeeper.

"There's many opinions on that point, ma'am," said the nurse, oracularly—she was so accustomed to the fashion in the matter, that the proceeding seemed plebeian in her eyes; but my lady can't be expected to feel and think as if she had been brought up in the first society all her life. Not that I'd say a word against her, for a nicer lady I never nursed."

"A nicer there never was, I'm sure," returned the housekeeper warmly.

"Wait a bit, Mrs. Meeking, ma'am, till I put on my glasses."

Her gold rimmed spectacles being duly adjusted, she proceeded to comment and admire.

"He's got a thorough Lorton face now," she said approvingly. "But young babies do change so, missy is very like the family."

"And this one is very like what she was," the nurse remarked. "He'll favor his father more than his mother, I am sure."

"I'm glad of it; not but her ladyship's very beautiful, and a sweet creature too, bless her; but it's pleasant to see a family likeness kept up. Ah, he's a true Lorton," she exclaimed suddenly, "he's got it!"

"Got what?"

"The mark, the Lorton brand, as it is called, across his hand; look?"

"I never thought of it," said Mrs. Meeking, looking at the faint streak the housekeeper pointed out, "I had forgotten all about it. His lordship has it too, has he not."

"Not his lordship; it was the other one, the one that died; I can remember it, it was very plain, much deeper than this."

"It's an ugly mark," said the nurse. "I'm glad it's so faint."

"It's the mark of an old family," the housekeeper returned with a sort of pride, "only the Lortons have it. You can hardly see this at all, it is only like a faint scar of a cut. That's what it was in the first place, I suppose, a sword cut given by a husband to a wife; that old white-haired man whose portrait hangs nearest the door in the drawing-room was the one who did it, they say, and the pretty boy on the white pony on the grand staircase was the first branded heir. They say that there will always be one living Lorton bearing that mark, till the last heir dies a violent death, and the estates go to a woman. I used to know an old woman who came about, a kind of gipsy she was, who could repeat a long verse of prophecy about it, but it's many a day since she died, and no one seems to think anything about it now."

"But what was the story?" asked Mrs. Meeking, growing interested.

"I don't recollect very clearly, but I think that this Earl of Lorton—a wicked man he was, too, they say, and called the Black Lorton—had a grown up son—very wild—and a second wife, young and pretty, that he grew jealous of his son, Lord Rupert—the family name wasn't Charles then—and that one day, or one evening rather, he taxed his son in open words with what he fancied."

"How dreadful!"

"Wasn't it? That's how the story goes you know, and that the young man retorted angrily; that from words they came to blows; that the earl's young wife had followed them and heard all, and only rushed between them in time to have her hand divided almost by her husband's sword, and to see her stepson fall dead."

"And is all that true?"

"That, and more. The poor lady was carried to her bed, from which she never rose. She lingered till her child was born, and died, leaving a baby boy marked on the hand with that terrible blow. They named him Charles, and the name has continued ever since. How the prophecy arose I don't know, but since that time there has always been a Lorton alive bearing the mark."

"And what became of the wicked earl?"

"He died some terrible death abroad, I believe, and the castle was shut up a long time. It all happened out there, just under those trees yonder, where that little bridge crosses the brook; the prettiest place in the park, to my thinking, though no one goes there much now."

"I wonder people don't think the place is haunted."

"So they do; and the story goes that a female having the mark would always see the ghost of the dead heir. I don't know I'm sure, but then there never has been a woman with it."

"That's strange!"

"Isn't it? but it's true; I never heard of any of the girls of the family having it; none but the eldest sons, the heirs, and it's to die out with one of them."

"I hope it won't be this one, then," said the nurse, rising. "Are you going to be the last of the Lortons, my pretty boy?"

And so saying she repaired to Laura's room.

"What was that you were talking about a mark, nurse?" inquired her patient.

"Nothing, my lady," she replied, hesitatingly. "I was only having a chat with Mrs. Marsh, my lady. I hope we didn't disturb you. I should have shut the door."

"Oh, but you were. I heard you—the door was open. Is baby marked anywhere?"

"A little on the right hand, my lady; a red streak."

"Where?" exclaimed Lady Dornton, excitedly. "Let me see it."

Mrs. Meeking felt sorry that she had not closed the door of communication between her lady's room and the sitting room, for there was a flush upon her patient's face, and a glitter in her eyes, which told of inward agitation.

"My lady, indeed it's nothing," she said in some perturbation, "it will never be seen."

"Oh, I don't mind that," replied her mistress, "show it to me."

The nurse pointed it out, attributing the apparent agitation with which Laura regarded it to her knowledge of the story, and blaming herself severely for having allowed the housekeeper to speak so loud, and for not having seen that the door of communication between the two rooms was closed.

The young mother's imaginings were far away, however; no thought of legends of murder and sorrow were in her mind; she was forming all sorts of wild conjectures. The little child at Kinghorn, with the same mark in the same place; the events of the first year of her married life; the child that the showman carried away from the Perth workhouse, all flashed before her with terrible and torturing distinctness, making her ill and restless, and when Lord Dornton came up after his dinner, she addressed him with feverish eagerness:—

"Arthur, what is this story about a mark in your family? Is it true?"

"My dear Laura, who has been filling your head with such nonsense? It was very wrong. Mrs. Meeking——"

"Oh! don't blame nurse, she hasn't told me anything. But tell me, is it so?"

"It certainly is; but, my dear Laura——"

"Is it? Then look here!"

"I see our son is prepared to claim his descent from my extremely unpleasant ancestor and his pretty and unfortunate wife; but, my dear girl, don't worry about that—a pack of old women's tales and prophecies, that they have repeated to themselves till they believe them to be gospel truths."

"It isn't that. I wasn't thinking of the legend. Don't you remember what I told you in Scotland?"

"Well?"

"About the little child."

"What little child?" he said, feigning ignorance to repress her growing excitement. "Lie still, Laura you are getting quite agitated."

"About Matthews' little girl. Oh! don't you remember?"

"What about her"

"She was marked just the same, right across the back of the hand, exactly like this."

"A mere coincidence, my love, and one which proves the fallacy of all old legends; besides, that was a girl, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Then set your heart at rest; there has never been a girl bearing the Lorton brand."

But Laura's heart could not be set at rest; the subject returned with painful persistence, over and over again, and she thought of Margaret Matthews and her infant when she was awake, and dreamed of her when she slept, through the whole time of her enforced quietude, till the constant recurrence of the one idea threatened seriously to retard her recovery.

CHAPTER X.

LOW SPIRITS—MORNING WALK—THE ROOKERY—NOT ON THAT SPOT—THE CONFESSION—THE STORY OF THE DREAM—FORESHADOWINGS—THE GIRL WITH THE LORTON BRAND.

Laura's recovery after the birth of the little heir was not at all satisfactory to those about her; her health seemed to return, but not her spirits; she was pale and *triste*, and would look on her baby boy as he lay in his nurse's arms with an expression of alarm in her face which puzzled her husband considerably, or hug him spasmodically to her bosom, as if she feared he was going to be taken from her in some sudden and terrible manner. It was mostly when she fancied herself alone and unobserved that she gave way to these outbursts of motherly anxiety and fear; in company, with her husband even, she was outwardly calm, but there was a kind of suppressed agitation about her, a kind of smouldering fire which threatened to break forth at some unexpected moment with terrible vehemence. None knew but herself of the wild ideas that had been passing through her mind for so many weeks respecting the infant at Kinghorn; not even to her husband had she spoken of her fancies. "He would only laugh at me," was her inward comment, "say I was nervous, or something of that sort," and she kept it to herself. She had another cause for pale looks now, however, which was soon to be revealed to him.

Lord Dornton felt seriously alarmed, but his wife insisted that nothing ailed her, and he saw himself that whatever it might be it was more mental than bodily illness. He spoke to his mother, but her motherly eyes had noticed nothing, except that Lady Dornton's recovery had been to all appearance satisfactory, but slow, and she tried to laugh him out of his fears.

"Nonsense, Harold," she said. "Laura does not complain."

"If she complained, or would even admit that she was ill, I should not feel so uneasy. It is this persisting that she is quite well, while her face tells such a different tale, that makes me so anxious about her. Mother, I am sure there is something on her mind. I wish you would speak to her."

"Nay," said the countess with a smile, "if she has not made her husband her confidant, I am sure she will not do her mother-in-law that honor; set your heart at rest, you and I know Laura too well to imagine she would brood over anything real or fancied without your knowing it too. Take my word for it, Harold, as she gets quite strong you will see no more signs of an uneasy mind about her; her spirits were very weak for some time after Aggy was born you know."

"Yes, I remember," replied her son, "but there was a reason for that, mother; the remembrance of our lost little ones came to her very strongly with her baby daughter. That is all over now; besides, this is not a weakness of spirits merely, it seems to be something deeper than that."

"You are a silly boy," his mother said, "another month, if the weather keeps dry and fine, will see Laura herself again."

Lord Dornton was somewhat consoled, but not convinced; he could not think that the change in his wife was imagination, and yet no one else seemed to see it.

"They do not love her as I do," was the conclusion he came to, "or they would see it for themselves."

Mrs. Meeking gave it as her decided opinion that "her ladyship was moped staying in that dreary place," and his lordship caught gladly at the hint, and proposed moving to Mayfield or London, to give his wife change of scene and society, but Laura combatted the proposition as soon as it was made.

"No, dear Arthur," she said, "we will stay here. You know your father wishes baby to be christened here and then it will not be very long to Christmas, and he has set his heart on our spending that time with him. It would be unfair to take his son away from all the glories of the festivities he is going to celebrate in such fine old-fashioned style. I would rather stay at Lorton."

"You shall do whatever you like, dearest," he said fondly, "only let me see your own sunny smiles once more; only look always as you look now and I shall be satisfied."

"I will try," she said with a half sigh, the shadow coming back to her eyes, "I will try and drive away all the fancies that oppress me, and look forward to the future with hope instead of fear."

"Fear, Laura! Why, what can you have to fear in the future?"

"I cannot speak of it, Arthur, it will seem too foolish to you; and see, here's Mrs. Meeking coming with baby. Come and look at your son, sir."

Her words were playful, but there was a tremor in her voice and a quiver of her lip which belied them, and she sighed as her husband stooped and kissed the infant.

"Autumn is giving us some glorious weather, Mrs. Meeking," he said, as the nurse hoisted a parasol of portentous size to shield her charge from the sun.

They were standing in the countess' flower garden, and the old lady was sitting out with the young heir for his morning's airing.

"September is nearly over, and it seems summer still. How that little fellow thrives, to be sure. Can you walk to the rookery, Laura?" he continued, turning to her. "It is very pretty now; you haven't seen it for a long time."

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Farther than that; I am quite strong now."

The rookery was in a clump of trees immediately behind the spot of which the old housekeeper had told such a terrible story, and from its proximity to it, was somewhat avoided.

A foot-path across the park led to it, and a little rustic bridge crossed the brawling brook into which the murdered heir had fallen on that night of horror. No trace remained of any deed of terror and passion now; nature ever erases the signs of man's wickedness, and nowhere on all the broad lands of Lorton did the birds send up such loud songs of gladness and thanksgiving, or the flowers such an incense of sweetness and beauty, as on the fatal spot where a son had given up his young life to the stroke of his father's sword.

Truly might the poet write—

> "How strikingly the course of Nature tells,
> By its light heed of human suffering,
> That it was fashioned for a happier world."

For, with loving finger and gentle hand, she is ever ready to blot out the traces of our transgressions.

"It is a lovely place; is it not?" said Lord Dornton, as they approached it, every step showering a fresh beauty in the many tinted foliage of the trees in their autumn dress. "When I am master here, Laura, I'll have all old traditions forgotten. I'll make this lovely nook the most frequented spot in the park; if my father had set the example, there wouldn't have been half the fancies there are about it, but he is naturally superstitious, and has allowed the feeling to grow upon him. Why, Laura, what is it? How you tremble. It's only Mrs. Meeking and the baby. She has got here before us."

They were some little distance from the bridge, and the figure of the nurse, with the infant and parasol, had risen suddenly and somewhat comically from among the rocks, and Lord Dornton laughed gaily.

"What an odd figure she looks standing there. She startled you, didn't she? My dear love, what is it?" for Laura was ashy pale, and looked as if she would faint.

"Not there! not there!" she gasped. "Do not go there with my baby!"

"She is going away, my dear, baby and all. There, sit down under this tree and tell me what frightened you so. See, Mrs. Meeking is turning towards the garden again, and your son and heir is safe. Now, what is it that is troubling you so? You know troubles told are half conquered, so let me hear yours, my fanciful wife."

"Yes," she said, "that's it; I am fanciful, Arthur. You mustn't laugh at me; but my trouble arises from——"

"Well?"

"From a dream."

"A dream, Laura!"

"Yes, a dream; one which returned to me over and over again with a strange persistence, sometimes confused and shadowy, sometimes distinct and clear, but always the same, always the same."

"You should have told me before, Laura. It is attributable to some physical cause, no doubt. How

long has it troubled you? When did it come first? And last but not least, what is it about?"

"It is about the very spot where nurse stood with baby a minute since—those rocks yonder."

"The scene of the tradition. Well, there's nothing strange in your dreaming of that, especially as you heard the story from those stupid old women."

"But the dream came first, before I heard anything about the tradition, a long time ago."

"And you would have forgotten all about it, but for their chattering tongues reviving the idea—eh, Laura?"

"Now, don't laugh at me, Arthur."

"I don't want to laugh, dear, only to reason. There, tell me all about this terrible vision of yours. When was this 'long time ago,' when it troubled you first?"

"When I had no physical reason for bad dreams, dear husband—in the happy days we spent together on the Rhine."

"The time of our grand marriage," said Lord Dornton, with a smile. "No, I don't think my bride had much cause for alarm then."

"The night after our excursion to Rolandseck was the first time. I remember, oh, so distinctly! It was such a night of horror, after a lovely, delightful day!"

"Why, Laura, you are shaking at the very recollection! Come, confess; tell me all about it, what was this terrible dream?"

"I dreamed of this place," she said, "of this bit of the park, of many colors, of darkness and horrible terror and fright, that was more of a nightmare than a dream, but oh, Arthur, it has become terribly vivid since!"

"And what has it been since?"

"Of this place still, of a merry-making of some sort; of flags, and music, and happy people; of you and I, Arthur, and a tall boy bearing his father's features, who seems to be my son; of gay dresses, and lovely faces; of a mighty crash; of horror and confusion, always with the same terrible ending, death and despair."

"Of whose death, my dearest?"

"My boy's, my baby's, my little darling's; night after night I see him stretched before my weary eyes a corpse, and night after night there stands by his side——"

"What—who?"

"A fair girl, a terrible likeness of myself, but with your eyes; her hand is always clasped in my dead boy's, and oh, Arthur, it bears the same red streak, the brand of your ancient house!"

"My dear Laura, what can I say to you to help to dispel these wild fancies; your health must be more seriously shaken by our young gentleman's arrival than I had any idea of. You must have advice immediately."

"No advice will serve me, Arthur; I need no doctors; that dream is sent to me, I see it! I feel it! not alone to tell me I shall lose my son, but to——"

"To what, dearest?" he asked, feeling that, perhaps, it was better to humor her in her strange fancy.

"To speak to me of my children, Arthur; of my babies whom we think dead. Arthur, as truly as yonder sun shines down upon us now, I feel that some day at the right time, I shall meet one of them face to face, my living, breathing child!"

Lord Dornton was alarmed at her vehemence; the agitation with which she spoke plainly showed the hold the idea had taken of her imagination, and he hardly knew what course to pursue. Unless her mind could be turned from the subject, he saw how difficult it would be to deal with such a case; but she had spoken of it, and that was one point gained; she would brood no more in secret.

"That is impossible, dear Laura," he said, calmly but seriously. "Our little ones were both taken from us. Nothing can restore them to this world again."

"But the girl with the marked hand, she is ever in my dream beside my dead boy, she looks at me with your eyes, Arthur, and seems to say, 'Mother, will you not receive your child?' but ever as I am going to clasp her to my heart there comes darkness, and horror, and desolation, and I awake to go through the day with the dread recollection of the night, and sleep again to renew the memories of the day."

"But it won't be so any more," he said cheerfully; "now you have spoken of it, and we can talk openly of what you fear, it will be less haunting. Dreams are strange, wayward things, my darling, we cannot content them; you have seen some fair-haired girl somewhere, and she has got mixed up with your restless nights in some mysterious fashion."

"Mysterious indeed," said Laura, her face brighter already, now that her secret was told. "I have seen no one like it except myself, and the place is always the same in these terrible visions; always this spot of ground, and those rocks, and the castle lighted up, and crowds of company; and then the ending, and my son carried from among those stones, with the fair-haired girl beside him."

"We won't talk of it any more now," said Lord Dornton; "you have confessed enough for one day. You must promise me one thing before we go in."

"What?"

"That whenever this dream returns you will tell me at once, and let us talk it over in the daylight, openly and fearlessly, as we have done now. You will, will you not?"

"Yes, I will; you have done me good already, Arthur."

"Of course! I knew I should," said her husband, inwardly resolving to consult their physician on the subject if matters did not mend.

Once, twice, three times after that morning did Laura tell him of her dream having come again, but each time with less dread and terror; and her cheerfulness began to come back with all its freshness; and a grand baptism took place at Lorton Castle, and the young heir to all its broad acres was solemnly baptised and became Charles Henry Augustus Dornton, and was endowed with the gold cups, and spoons, and corals proper to such occasions. And the nurse's curtseys brought her a golden harvest of sovereigns; and the earl in his delight could have found it in his heart to endow his red-faced little grandson with Lorton and its appendages on the instant, so proud was he of the heir.

That young gentleman did not seem to appreciate the ceremonies much, but behaved in a most unseemly manner, resenting the application of the water which was to make him a member of our Christian Church with a series of shrieks and plunges, and having no more appreciation of the delicate lace on his cap and robe than was displayed in frantic clutches at them with his tiny hands, resulting in ruin and destruction more than once.

And Christmas was kept up at the castle in truly old English fashion; and the lovely Lady Dornton was the gayest in all the gay party assembled there, and dreams and nervous fears were alike forgotten in her wifely and motherly affection.

PART THE SECOND

CHAPTER I.

ABBOT'S LODGE—MR. TURTON—LADY DORNTON'S VISIT—POWICK FAIR—THE PALE MAN AND HIS CHILD—THE LITTLE DANCER—THE THEATRE—THE ACCIDENT—HOW LIKE!

Time, which passed so smoothly by with Laura Lady Dorton and her husband and children, dealt also with a gentle hand with her old friends, the Wycherlys. The old gentleman's hair was whiter perhaps, but he was as active as ever, and Mrs. Wycherly's kindly face had lost none of its pleasant good humor, and the young ladies, Laura Carson's pupils, were growing up into exceedingly comely womanhood.

Mary had fulfilled the promise of her girlhood, and become as beautiful a creature as ever graced a ball-room, with dark hair and dreamy eyes, and regular classical features. Bessie was as round-faced as ever, with a fresh bright complexion, very pleasant to see, and a sparkling piquancy of manner that atoned for the lack of regular beauty in her face. Other governesses had held sway since the fair-haired girl, whose romantic history had for a time made Abbot's Lodge a place of note in the neighborhood, and turned the simple hearted old glover and his wife into veritable lions.

None, however, had been regarded with such affection as "dear Miss Carson," as Mary and Bessie called her ladyship, and none had ruled the turbulent spirits of these young ladies with half the success that she had. She did not forget her old friends. A constant correspondence was kept up between Mayfield and Worcestershire, and now and then Mrs. Wycherly was persuaded to visit her old governess, when, as she said, there was no grand company there.

Once the young ladies had been to Lorton, and came home with their heads fairly turned with the splendor they had seen, and once Laura had suddenly appeared, to their great astonishment and delight, with her two children and a nurse, and stayed two whole days. Little Agnes was only four years old, and the heir a lovely boy of two; and Mrs. Wycherly fairly worshipped them while they remained, and would fain have kept them, but Laura could not stay. She had run away from a gay party at Malvern to see her old friends, and could not be longer spared.

Mr. Thomas Turton was at his uncle's house on the morning of her departure, and had been duly introduced to Lady Dornton. He had given up traveling and become a junior partner in his uncle's old firm, and was a constant visitor at Abbot's Lodge.

People did say that his pretty cousin Mary was the attraction there, and that her father looked favorably on the prospect of such a match; for "cousin Tom," as he was still familiarly called, was a rapidly rising man, and bade fair to be as wealthy as his uncle at no very distant date; but Mary was only seventeen, and there was no hurry, so matters had not got further than neighbourly gossip as yet. Anyhow, he was there by the young lady's side on the bright summer morning when Lady Dornton drove off.

"She is a lovely creature!" he remarked, as they caught the last look of her radiant face.

"When you used to write letters about Laura, Laura, and nothing else, I never dreamed of your paragon of a governess turning out a real live heroine of romance; and to think it should have been her child that I should have seen killed! How I puzzled my poor brains to find out who Laura was, and where I had seen any one of the name, when I got the register of the child's death. Poor little thing. Well, well, how things do come about, to be sure!"

"I shall never forget that morning," said Mrs. Wycherly. "Poor thing, what a way she was in! Your letter was read out at the breakfast table, Tom, and she just dropped down like a stone."

"She might well," replied Mr. Turton, "I was pretty minute in the description, I fancy."

"Indeed you were," said Mary, with a shudder. "I remember the letter you sent well."

"'Twas an odd affair altogether," her mother remarked. "And then the fortune, too; it came just at the same time."

"That fortune was a good thing for the old earl," Mr. Wycherly remarked. "He'd have been in a fine mess just then, but for that."

"But it's all right again now, is it not?"

"Pretty near; another year will see matters quite straight if he lives to see it."

"I'm thinking he won't," said Mrs. Wycherly, "he's a broken down old creature."

"I think Miss Laura will be Countess of Lorton before long."

"Cousin Tom—Cousin Tom!" exclaimed Miss Bessie, breaking in upon their conversation, "do you remember what you promised me?"

"Will you never learn to be ladylike, Bessie?" said her mother reprovingly, "one would think you were a child of ten years old."

"Well, I'm not much more, mother dear," returned the young lady. "Only half as much again, when I'm as old and grave as Mary, there, with a great tall cavalier like Tom to attend to me, I'll be as demure as you please. Be quiet, Mary, do! Yes, he does attend to you like a tame dog; I think if there was a straw before you he'd stoop down and pick it up! You're going to attend to me to-day, Tom, you know you promised."

"What did I promise?"

"Why, to take me to Powick, to be sure."

"My dear Bessie," interposed her mother, "how can you. Whatever will people say? A common country fair."

"I don't care an atom what they say. I like a fair, I think it's capital fun. I like the shows and things, and so does Tom, don't you Tom? and Mary, too, for all she looks so demure. I may go, mayn't I, papa?"

"I suppose you'll have to have your own way," he replied, smiling. "You'll take care of her, Tom?"

"Of both the young ladies, if you'll trust me so far," replied the young man.

"Of course, both the young ladies," said the incorrigible Bessie; "the party wouldn't be at all complete without Miss Prim there; never mind, if you two should forget the fact of my existence, I'll try and take care of myself, that's all."

"Get away, do, and put on your bonnet," said her father, laughing; "and Tom, you'd better take the trap, it's very hot to walk, my boy."

"All right," replied Tom, nothing loth, and in a very short time the three set off, Mr. Thomas Turton and Mary on the front seat, and Bessie alone in her glory at the back, tormenting the driver and his pretty companion in every possible manner.

Many an approving glance followed the little turn-out as they drove along. The happy-looking girls and their gentlemanly and handsome cavalier, for Mr. Turton was handsome, and knew it too; the sleek pony and the elegant little conveyance, made up a very pretty *tout ensemble*. It is a pretty drive from St. John's, the suburb of Worcester, where Abbot's Lodge was situated to Powick, and a charming place is that little rural village when it is reached.

On this particular day, however, it was all alive with bustle and noise; it was their annual fair; fourteen years ago there was no railway screeching so close to its neat little church and rectory as there is now; and from far and near the country people had gathered in their holiday best, to see and be seen, and enjoy themselves generally. It was one of the thorough old-fashioned country fairs, which the march of intellect and facility of transit from one place to another are so rapidly abolishing, and when Tom Turton and his cousin arrive I upon the scene the fun was at its height.

The swings, which seem to have been invented solely for the purpose of making the daring adventurers who try them as ill as if they were at sea, were in full work; the owner of the hobby horses was reaping a perfect harvest of coppers; the wonderful targets and whirligigs, which offer such astonishing prizes of spice nuts, which nobody ever wins, were in full operation, and the proprietors of the various exhibitions were recommending their respective attractions with stentorian lungs, till a very Babel seemed once more opened upon the earth.

"What are we to see first?" said Mr. Turton, when they could hear one another's voices, and had got a little accustomed to the din.

"There's a variety; there's a giantess and a dwarf, and a pig-faced lady, and a conjuror, and a fat boy, and a theatre and——"

"Oh, all of them!" said Bessie.

"Every one! Do you think your legs will hold out against such an amount of climbing, to say nothing of the time?"

"Oh, we've plenty of time," she replied.

"Let's go to this one first. What is it?"

They climbed the ricketty steps, under a solemn protest from Mary, who was rather disposed to stand on her gentility, and paid their pennies. A pig-faced lady and the falls of Niagara, with a very unpleasant looking snake in a dirty box, formed the exhibition.

"Oh, don't go into any more," pleaded Mary, when they came out. "The idea of calling that poor miserable animal a woman! and that horrid snake! If any one should see us; besides, they smell so nasty."

"Bother!" responded Miss Bessie. "People must be here themselves to see us. If you're so genteel, Mary, go to the hotel and wait for us. I mean to go into every one."

"Come, Mary," said her cousin Tom. "Never mind gentility now; we've left it behind for this afternoon. You don't mind going with *me*."

A kind pressure of the hand accompanied the last clause which was not for Miss Bessie's ears, and Mary responded with a look which seemed to say she would go anywhere with him, so they went on.

They visited giants and dwarfs, learned pigs, and performing dogs, a mermaid and a griffin; which latter prodigy seemed to be formed of the odds and ends of every animal under the sun, but which the proprietor vehemently asserted to have been caught alive somewhere; the precise locality he was not certain of, though he had an elaborately prepared story of its capture.

Mr. Turton exploded into such immoderate fits of laughter in the midst of the description that they were fain to beat a retreat, such behaviour not being considered in strict decorum by the owner of the establishment.

They went to almost every show in the fair, and Master Tom patronized several of the rifle practice stalls, always winning, to the discomfiture of the owners and his companions' great amusement. Tired at last, they retreated a little from the din and bustle, and sat down on the grass.

"We'll rest a bit before we begin again," he said. "I've reserved the Theatre Royal yonder till the last; a whole threepence to the boxes, Mary, and a tragedy, a ballet, and a farce all in half an hour."

"Oh, come along," said Bessie, "I've been wanting to see that little girl close to for ever so long."

She pointed to the platform of a booth where a little girl was dancing with a good deal of grace and agility to the harsh clashing music of two or three performers, whose only aim seemed to be to make as much noise as they possibly could. She seemed to be about six or seven years of age, and was dressed in some sort of tissue stuff which gleamed and glistened in the sun, and golden hair scarcely less bright fell in heavy wavy masses to her waist. Altogether she looked very pretty and radiant.

"This distance lends enchantment to the view, I expect," said Mr. Tom, "close to, all that beauty would subside into chalk and rouge, and that yellow hair into a wig very likely."

"Oh, Tom," said Bessie, indignantly. "A wig on such a child as that? Why, she's almost a baby?"

"Rather a large baby," he replied, laughing, "she must be seven or eight years old. But these showmen wouldn't hesitate about putting a wig on a baby if it answered their purposes."

"Well, we shall see," said Mary, laughing, "she looks pretty enough from here."

They rose to go, and turning towards the booth they encountered a pale, sickly-looking man, leading a little girl by the hand.

She was well but simply dressed, and they seemed to belong to the middle class. They hesitated a moment, and then sat down on the very spot the party had risen from.

"We'll rest here a minute, Maggie," said the man, "and then we'll go and see the show where the little girl is. We've seen her before, though it's long since, before you can remember, my little lassie, before——"

He stopped suddenly, and covered his face with his thin hands.

"Poor papa," said the child, nestling up to him with confiding fondness, "you're very tired, come home."

"Home!" he said bitterly, "the word hasn't much meaning for me now, my darling."

"Whatever makes you stare at these people so," asked Bessie of her cousin, "do you know them?"

"Not I; they're some strangers come to the fair I suppose. I was looking at the child. I've seen some one exactly like her, who can it be?"

"I know who she's like," said Bessie, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking at the earnest face of the little one; "it's Miss Carson—Lady Dornton, I mean. She's exactly like her."

"What nonsense, Bessie," said Mary indignantly; "whatever will you say next?"

"Well, she is; only look at her face."

"She is, certainly," said her cousin; but see, the people are beginning to flock in to the temple of Thespis yonder; we had better goin with this batch, it is getting time for us to think of home."

"With this batch! As if we were going into an oven!"

"Not a bad simile, as I expect you will find when you get there," he replied; and they walked away.

The pale man and the little girl followed at some distance, and mingled with the stream of people who were pouring into the show. In a very few minutes the performances commenced; "The Murdered Maiden of the Midnight Moor" being the astounding title of the piece announced for representation, to be followed by a *ballet*, and to conclude with the farce of "Fortune's Frolics," the author of which would have been pretty considerably astonished could he have seen it.

The performances, however, did not arrive at that particular point on this occasion; the murdered maiden's ghost had just burst upon the astonished eyes of the rustics, and the fiends appeared who were to remove the murderer to his unpleasant doom, whereof the smell of the blue fire gave the audience a palpable impression, when there was a crash, a confused shrieking of many voices, and a general uprising of the crowd in sudden terror.

Some of the supports of the highest tier of seats had given way, and several people had been thrown down and hurt. There was a great deal of confusion, and the people hurried out into the crowded fair with the idea that the whole booth was tumbling about their heads. Mr. Turton and his companions stood still, till the hubbub had a little subsided.

It turned out that there was only one person hurt, and that proved to be the little girl they had seen so short a time ago. She was stunned, but whether further injured they could not tell. She lay upon the grass amid the wreck of the fallen seats, her father, almost distracted by grief, hanging over her, wringing his hands in despair, and calling upon her in every endearing term he could think of to speak to him.

"Perhaps we can be of some use to them, Mary," said cousin Tom, going forward to the group. "They don't seem to have their wits about them much."

The show people, who were crowding round, made way for him, and he was just stooping to lift the light form when the little dancer pressed forward, agitated, as it seemed, by some strange emotion.

"I must go to her—I will!" she cried, shaking off the woman who held her. "I saw the little girl, and I want to kiss her."

She threw her arms, all white with chalk, round the senseless little form, and there was a general start, for the face of the insensible child seemed, as it were, the dead likeness of her own.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

G. A. S., Melton.—1. You can get as good wagons for a show manufactured in Concord, your own State, as anywhere else. 2. From $15 to $30 a week and traveling expenses. 3. You cannot hire Japanese like those that are traveling now as easily as you can other performers. A great deal of trouble and expense is required to get them. 4. Jugglers you can get without much trouble, and at a salary from $25 to $30 a week. 5. There are a great many shows of that kind on the road now, and, properly managed, there is no reason why you should not succeed. 6. Reiche Brothers, 55 Chatham street, are the animal importers.

READER, Helena, M. T.—A and B are playing a game of Casino, B is the non dealer and holds two deuces, a seven, and a nine; a five is left on the table from the previous deal. Now B plays one of his deuces on the five and calls it seven. A now plays in his turn, asking. B then makes the five and deuce which before he called seven, nine with his other deuce, leaving him a seven and a nine in his hand. Can he make it nine with the second deuce out of his hand, or must he take it with the seven as he at first called it?.....He must take it with the seven.

W. J. O.—1. The Old Park Theatre would hold $1,700, and the National, corner of Leonard and Church streets, $1,400. 2. Macready was the original Ion, and Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean) the original Clemantha. 3. The late James Wallack played frequently with Edmund Kean. 4. Mad. Vestris never played Lady Gay Spanker in this country. 5. Lucille and Helen Western played together as late as 1860.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—1. Kelly and Leon's and the San Francisco's. 2. M. Ainsley Scott, Templeton, H Ron, and many others. 3. David is one of the best in the business and superior to the one you mention. 4. If you mean Norman, he is in San Francisco. 5. S. F. Purdy. 6. He is first class. 7. Charley is a better performer than Lew. 8. They play at the Chestnut Street Theatre this summer.

A BORE.—You have formed too high an opinion of your abilities to succeed in the show business without great opposition. You had better stay at your present business, as you say you can make $1,500 a year, which is more than you could make in the show business the first year, as the supply is greater than the demand at present.

A. P. J.—1. James is considered the champion bare back rider. He is at present in Europe. He was reported drowned some time ago while out in a small boat with a pleasure party, but he came back all safe. 2. Ed. Russell is champion club swinger. 3. They are not considered the best, although they are very good.

BIG PROOL, Washington, D. C.—1. Lang and Richards ran a mile, dead heat, in 4 min. 17¼ seconds. 2. James Pudney ran 1 miles in 57min. 20sec. Deerfoot ran 11 miles 720 yards, in one hour. 3. The fastest 100 yards time is 9¼ secs., by George Seward. 4. Yankee Sullivan was born April 12th, 1813, and fought Tom Hyer February 7th, 1849.

LATE SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore, Md.—1. We don't think there was any choice. 2. Dan Donnelly was born in 1786 and died Feb. 18, 1820. He fought thrice, beating Tom Hall, Cooper and Oliver. 3. No. 4. Sayers defeated the Slasher in 10 rounds 102 minutes, June 16th, 1857.

CONWAY.—1. Wallace's opera of "Maritana" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, London, in Nov. 1845, with Miss Romer as Maritana, Miss Poole as Lazarillo, Harrison as Don Cæsar, and Phillips as Don Jose. 2. The "Pickwick Papers" were dramatized in 1837, and produced in London at the Adelphi.

CASINO, Washington.—In playing Casino, A plays an ace on a "four," and calls it "five." B then takes a "four" from the board and claims the right of calling it "nine." A says he should build from his hand and not from the board after A had called it. Which is right, A or B?.....A is right.

BOURBON BRIGHAM.—1. Not on record. 2. The best standing jump on record, level, was made by Bob Way, and is 12 feet 8¼ inches. 3. Brooklyn, 266,661; New York, 805,651; Philadelphia, 562,529; this is in accordance with the census of 1860.

DOG DISPUTE.—A controversy took place at Detroit, Mich., on the 27th ult., between Dutch Shang's dog and Fred. Cline's dog, which lasted about 18 minutes and terminated in favor of the former.

T. K. E. Brighton, Ill.—1. We cannot give you the value of Mr. Bonner's stable of horses. 2. We should think either the Auburn horse or young Pocahontas. 3. At the Olympic, St. Louis. 4. Traveling in the West with a dramatic company.

READER, Easton.—1. We do not know the rules of the game, which is not a recognized one. 2. There is no rule; it should have been mutually agreed upon before commencing play.

SHEA, Whitestone, N. Y.—The City of Paris and the Cuba were engaged in a *bona fide* race, we understand, although Mr. Cunard may not have known about it. You must settle your own bet question, although we think they ought to stand.

YOUNG AMERICA.—If players were put into the game of your opponents who were not members of their club the required number of days, your duty is to bring the matter before your State Association.

ROCKER, Boston.—1. In throwing raffles three fives and two sixes beat three sixes and two fours. 2. In St. Louis. See our minstrel summary.

WILLIS.—1. He is a popular musical composer and singer in London. 2. She is not the wife of the party you mention. 3. Kate was married to G. C. Davenport, Irish comedian.

INGENE, St. Louis, Mo.—1. To discount is to allow your opponent to take off from your count and add to his own as many as he scores. 2. Nib—lo. 3. On the square, we believe.

A. B. C., Lexington, Ky.—1. Barney Frain appeared four times in the Ring, winning all. 2. No. 3. He was born in Kilkelly, county Mayo, Ireland. 4. No.

GRAMMAR.—The "yours" is used as a substitute for a noun in the nominative or objective, and need never be apostrophised between the r and s.

HOLYOKE SPORT.—The dealer can give two or three cards around at first, but as he begins so he must continue; he cannot give two to one and three to another.

GLADIATOR, Cambridgeport, MASS.—Gladiator ran one mile and seventeen yards in one minute and thirty-nine seconds, which is the fastest time on record.

D. F. B., Boston.—The New Bowery Theatre was destroyed by fire. The old Bowery will hold considerably more than the Boston Theatre.

WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, New York.—1. We never measured Finley's Track to ascertain its exact length. 2. Ask any bookbinder.

JOHNNY, Towanda.—1. B has a right to give the point, even if it does put C out. 2. A must deal again, for C does not lose his beg.

J. D., Scranton.—We cannot inform you where you can purchase any tumbler pigeons in this country. We think you would have to import them yourself.

H. J. B., Canton, O.—Your opponent loses the fight in consequence of taking his cock out of the pit before counting out your fowl.

4TH WARD STATION HOUSE, Washington.—We cannot give an opinion on the merits of the fowls in question. There was a book published on cocking, but it is out of print.

POLICE OFFICER, Philadelphia.—The ace of hearts is always a trump, and when led, either a trump must be played, except five or Jack, or a heart.

SUBSCRIBER, Chicago, Ill.—At cribbage A plays a six, B a tray, C a six, A a deuce, B a five, C a four, claiming a sequence of five. Is it right?.....Yes.

A. L. E., Camp Russell.—See answer to Hunki Dori. Why not write to the individual yourself?

CURRY.—He is living in some town in Wisconsin, the name of which we have forgotten.

D. P. B. Boston.—Was born in Boston. Is a wife and mother.

READER.—1. We do not know his name. 2. She is with Florence Webster's dramatic company at Canton, Ohio.

SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—There is no reliable record of the mile time of Eclipse, Escape, or Flying Childers in England.

SATURN.—A must give B 75 cents to pay for the cards he lost, B must pay A 75 cents for the money he lost.

A. B. C., Boston.—A wins, although he called his hand incorrectly; Bluff is a show game, and the best hand wins.

SUBSCRIBER.—If the horse is entered in the English Stud Book, and it is the same animal, he is thoroughbred.

M. S., Binghampton.—If the cards were thrown up among the others, Ed. loses.

READER, Lafayette.—The four-full on aces beats the four-full on trays.

CHORS, Portsmouth.—The throw of five four-spots beats that of four fives and a six.

JOHN MOYSCS, Moningona.—Three jacks and two nines beat three sevens and two aces.

STEEL BIT.—There were two trotting horses named Tom Hyer; which do you refer to?

M. W. L., Clayton, O.—Hiram Woodruff's work on horse training will be published shortly.

H. & L.—The point not having been claimed and scored before the following deal, cannot afterwards be taken.

ONYX, Milwaukee.—Can the eggs of game fowls be transported by Express, and hatch?.....Yes.

BENEDICK, Chicago.—1. Col. Roberts is an Irishman. 2. We do not know Jeff. Davis' pedigree.

MULLIGAN, Phila.—Dexter's fastest time, 2:17¼, in harness, was made in September last, at Buffalo.

J. M. J., New York.—The story cannot be procured in book form.

A CLIPPER TAKER.—C wins. Senators and Members of Congress are not the same.

SIXTH WARD, Troy, N. Y.—Heenan weighed 200lbs. the day he fought Morrissey.

DAVENPORT.—They have not played together in a match, and the championship is an open question.

PETE, Philadelphia.—Our opinion is that J. C. Heenan fairly won his fight with Tom Sayers.

W. T. L., Wilmington, Del.—We make no charge for inserting such items.

CANARY.—B. Dovey, Nos. 3 and 5 Greene street, can furnish what you desire.

F. D. H., Boston.—Banim is the author of "Damon and Pythias."

F. H. G. A., Omaha City.—London, England, has a larger population than the eight largest cities of America.

FRANK, Corydon, Pa.—We believe so, but cannot state the amount.

FRED, Williamsport.—The company are at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. E.

J. H. P., Evansville.—It was Billy Birch and wife that were wrecked on their way from California.

SIMON QUINCY.—There are so many good ones that it would be difficult to decide as to who is the best.

CONSTANT READER, Sharon, Pa.—It has not been published in book form, neither have we all the CLIPPERS containing it.

EAGLE HOTEL.—Seward's best time, 9½ seconds, is the fastest on record.

STAMMERER, N. Y.—We know of no M. D. who makes it a specialty, or can promise a cure.

DAPPER.—He is married, and is about twenty years of age.

CLIP, New Castle.—We have not the Nos. you sent for.

D. C. J., St. Louis.—We don't make such notices.

BUB.—The per centage at faro is generally at 15 per cent.

ATLANTIC JOE, New Orleans.—There is no game out.

J. R. H., Lumberton.—George M. Patchen's best time was 2:24.

CHICAGO.—Oil of Rhodium is used for the purpose.

HUNKI DORI.—Write yourself to Dr. Winship and enquire.

DISS.—B, who threw the two sixes, two fives, and deuce, wins.

CONEY, Atlanta.—Lord Raglan died in the Crimea.

A. W. W., Columbus, O.—See CLIPPER'S advertising columns.

J. S., Fall River, Mass.—London, we believe.

TEN YEARS' READER.—They are hard to get.

— A driving park in the northern part of Philadelphia is projected by a number of wealthy gentlemen of that city.

THE SEASON OF OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

With the exit of showery April and the advent of the flowery month of May, the Queen of the Seasons has at length succeeded in freeing herself from the too fond embrace of hoary-headed Winter, and the mildness of the atmosphere so peculiar to her reign and conducive to indolence and a longing desire to "snuff the morning air," away from the dusty thoroughfares and ceaseless turmoil of the city, gives assurance that Miss Spring has at last assumed undisputed sway. This is in accordance with the earnest desires of the devotees of out-door sports, who after awaiting long and impatiently this "settling of accounts," everywhere evince unwonted activity, and the advocates and admirers of all branches of athletic pastimes have cause for congratulation in the encouraging prospect spread out before their mental vision.

The game of base ball—which, owing to its presenting so many attractive features, suitable to the impulsive, volatile American character, has made such wondrous strides in popular favor and is acknowledged the national pastime from Maine to California—of course takes precedence of all other pastimes and gives promise of being even more generally participated in and productive of a greater number of exciting matches than last season. Several of our more prominent clubs have taken advantage of occasional fine days to hold their openings, while the programme laid out by others has been time and again interfered with by the elements. Now that there is at last a prospect of a continuance of fair weather, however, its followers, North, South, East and West, are bestirring themselves vigorously, getting their "running gear" in trim for *base* purposes and preparing to bat the ball "from Jerusalem to Jericho."

Our aquatic friends are likewise up and doing, and indications point to the speedy inauguration of a brilliant campaign upon the watery element. Yachtsmen are busy overhauling their vessels and putting them in condition for riding saucily the bounding billows; rigging is being closely inspected, new canvas hoisted in place of that which may be found untrustworthy, ballast taken out and restowed, decks caulked, spars cleaned and polished, and other requirements attended to. There is a reasonable probability that in addition to important regattas and match races upon our own waters, the year will witness another international trial of speed, sea-going qualities and seamanship across the broad Atlantic between representatives of the Old and New Worlds. Should the Royal Victoria Club, of London, Eng., carry out the project broached at a recent reunion, of sending a challenge to the above effect to the New York Club, we trust the members of the latter organization will respond in a proper spirit.

Our oarsmen, too, manifest commendable pride and a determination to make their favorite pastime an even more prominent feature of our out-door recreations than during former years. The inactive season has afforded them an opportunity to repair damaged craft, or replace them with new boats; fresh clubs have been formed in different quarters, and the membership lists of old organizations have been materially increased as well as their fleets; boat houses have been placed in order, shells and lap-streaks newly scraped and pot-leaded, and, in fact, everything has been done essential to put the various clubs upon a proper "war footing." Several aspirants to the enviable title of Champion Sculler are already spoken of, one of whom has thus early put in his oar for a trial with the "Little Engine," and we shall in all probability have the pleasure of recording more than one important contest for the honor ere the snows of winter envelop the earth in a mantle of white again. Besides the customary annual regattas and match races between crack crews, it is ominously whispered among the "knowing ones" that the "heroes of the Hudson Highlands" will have to "row, brothers, row," as they ne'er rowed before, if they wish to maintain their right to the title of Champion Four Oared Crew of America, so gallantly won by defeating the St. John four last year.

The horizon of the world pugilistic is brightened by a series of matches of greater importance—both as regards the reputation of the principals and the amount of money at stake, amounting in the aggregate to eighteen thousand dollars—than any which have occurred on American soil for many years, embracing the heavy and light weight championships. Other matches of less magnitude are upon the slate also, and if all are carried out in good faith, 1868 will be a memorable year in the annals of the American Prize Ring.

Those interested in turf matters are also busying themselves in getting ready for the racing season, and if the swindling hippodrome practices, which have of late years done so much to injure the interests of this species of sport, causing the public to withdraw their patronage from the spring, fall and summer fixtures, and look with distrust upon all big events, are discontinued, there is a reasonable prospect of re-establishing equine contests upon their former basis. The annual spring meetings have already been held at several of the leading courses South of Mason and Dixon's line, the sport at each being inaugurated under very favorable auspices, and the proprietors of the different race tracks in the North, now that the absence of frosts admits of it, are beginning to show signs of life, placing the courses in order, rejuvenating buildings, stables, etc., and clearing the way for the fast steppers, so soon to display their glossy coats and fine action.

The pedestrian arena will, from present appearances, likewise be brought more prominently into notice than it has been for years past. The despicable frauds, "barneys," and swindling dodges which reduced its once bright prospects to such a low ebb have but to be steered clear of, as the mariner avoids shoals and reefs, by its professors and supporters, in order to restore it to its quondam position among the legitimate sports of the country. This revival has been caused by the arrival in our midst of a number of the fleet-footed from beyond the seas, including the famous long distance walking champion, George Topley. Other first-class men who have achieved lasting fame in Britain are expected shortly, and we hope the year will be signalized by some important contests, conducted honorably. There is now an excellent opportunity to place this recreation upon a firm foundation, but if its devotees follow in the unwise and dishonest footsteps of those who have preceded them, it will be a dead letter among us.

Cricket, which, since the base ball *furors*, has been comparatively little indulged in, except by those old-timers who have, it may be said, been born with a willow bat in their hands, and who cannot see the beauties of the American game, seems to be looking up somewhat, and its followers speak confidently of reviving its fortunes during the season now at hand. The principal clubs have strengthened their elevens, some of them have already commenced practice, and we may expect some good matches to characterize the year's play.

Quoiting and other pastimes less in vogue than those above enumerated are in a prosperous condition too, and, taken altogether, the advocate of legitimate sport and physical culture has much to be gratified at in looking into the future. May the result realize our expectations.

GRAND "SCRUSH."

Verily these are moving times. Everybody is on the move, from the President of the United States to the poor little beggar who is daily urged to "move on" by the knight of the locust; we have been almost moved to tears by the great changes made in this city since the first of May. Families who used to occupy the centre of a building are now satisfied if they can get standing room on the roof. The wear and tear of human life was terrible on the 1st of May—one poor fellow was killed outright, and about a dozen others so badly hurt as to make their recovery a matter of *grave* doubt. Numbers of poor creatures went supperless to bed, while others went bedless to supper. And such scolding, and fretting, and swearing, as lovely woman indulged in on that day, was enough to make a man forswear the sex forever; many a man got himself into hot water by merely venturing to make a suggestion to the women folk as to the feasibility of "hurrying up the cakes." If we might be allowed to be so bold, we should like to petition the Impeachment Managers to strike from the national calendar the 1st of May altogether. That is the only thing that will put an end to this great thirst for moving. Even as we write, everything is upside down in this great metropolis. A man scarcely knows where he lives,—"Our Jim" went "home," as he thought, the other night, and on going to bed found a youthful female occupying his quarters; he flung her out mighty quick, he says, but he soon found himself lodging in the station house, and next day was charged with burglary and attempt to kill. The fact is "Jim's landlady had moved, and had forgotten to mention the circumstance to her boarders. If the soup societies were only in operation how much human suffering they might alleviate, for scarcely one man in a dozen has had a good square meal for two weeks. We're so weak with fasting that we find it difficult to propel this pen over the paper we are trying to write on. O! for the good old days of Adam and of Eve, when there were no houses and no moving, and when a party could dump himself down anywhere with no man to make him afraid.

A CHANGE.—During a recent boiler explosion in the city of Philadelphia a man named *Wise* was knocked *senseless*. At the same time a missile fell upon the foot of a man standing nearly a square off, nearly cutting the foot square off.

DURING a moving on the first of May, we overheard a wife ask her husband to get her some new furniture; and what do you suppose was his reply? Why that he wasn't *table* to. Married men should be chary of such jokes.

IMPEACHMENT.—LATEST STATE OF THE BETTING.—5 to 4 that Andy goes out, taken; 3 to 1 that no man can name Republicans enough to vote acquittal; an even thing that Ben Wade's in by the 1st of June.

SUPPOSE a man bets drinks on the impeachment, and loses, and then wants to back out, isn't that "getting round the horn?" The same chap came into our office yesterday with his hand in a gin sling.

IMPORTANT!—The Marriage Fund Association of Boston should remember that it is not every husband who looks upon the dearth of babies as a *crying* evil.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, recently arrived here, says that the preaching of to-day is done by the novelist. We've heard some of his readers intimate the same thing.

THE LATEST improvement in wool-packing is said to be an arrangement by which four blacks can lie in one bed.

LITERARY.

Explanations of a Few Popular Titles.

"One of Them."—A member of the swell mob.

"Playing for High Stakes."—A game of billiards for venison supper.

"The Initials."—D. B.

"Dead Sea Fruit."—Letters of introduction.

"Birds of Prey."—Eloping parsons.

"Awaiting the Signal."—Bummers on the look out for a drink.

"Whisperings in the Dark."—Lovers on the stairway.

"Eve, or an Angel of Innocence."—The mother of the human race, before she cared Adam about the fig-leaf.

"Foul

and that the jar of a winding hit had cracked the bone; but the little 'un himself insists that he overreached and struck Dick's head with his wrist. The policy of hitting "winders" with the right, instead of straight out from the shoulder, seems to us very dubious, as there is always a risk of accident. Dick Hollinwood will remain in Cincinnati a week or two before returning home, and will try to arrange for a joint benefit for himself and Johnny in a few days. The nonpareil thinks he will quit fighting now, but says it in such a hesitating way that, like a lady's "no," he half means "yes," and it would'nt take much coaxing to get him inside the ropes again.

JOHNNY WALKER IN QUAKERDOM.—The above-named boxer was announced to give an exhibition at Washington Hall, Spring Garden, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, May 5th.

RATTLING ENCOUNTER FOR A TEN SPOT.—A lively passage at arms came of on the morning of the 15th ult. near Barrow's Fields, Nechells Green, Eng., between two feather-weight Brums who have repeatedly "peeled" before. Whity (Baker by name) is remarkably thick-set and well put together, twenty-four years of age, standing about 5ft. 2½in., his best exploit being a most game and resolute battle with W. Hitchen (Fawcett), an A 1 performer. Dick is a veteran of thirty-eight years, standing a couple of inches over his opponent, but much lighter built. He has in his palmy days "shut up," many pretenders, and fought several good men with more than average success. They stripped and got to work shortly after eight o'clock; betting 6 to 4 on Whity. Dick showed considerable form, and used his weapons well, "opening the ball" by a fine shot on the right cheek, for which he received on the ribs, and, after some sharp infighting, was bored down. Round 2. Dick got well home on counters on the dial, Whity investing on the mouth, and drawing first blood, with which he was credited. Some slashing hitting brought Dick on his "benders," and terminated the round. 4. Dick made play on the dial in lively style, but flushing was the only result, his physical power being unequal to the occasion. Whity got home on the left cheek and ribs, and Dick slipped down. 5. Whity "beat the drum" on the old 'un's ribs, who winced again, but made some pretty counters on the dial, being forced down at the finish. 6 to 10. Whity gradually assumed the lead, pasting his opponent to some tune, Dick's returns lacking steam. When the tenth round was over (21 min.) the police came up and scattered the combatants and their friends, who had to seek for fresh ground, finally settling down at Bromford, for the second time of asking, at ten o'clock. Here eight rounds were fought in 22min., when Dick's staying powers were used up, and a slashing cross-counter on the jaw settled the business, the sponge being thrown up for him, after contending in the two rings eighteen rounds in 43min.

GEORGE STANTON POLISHES OFF CURLEY PLATT.—According to articles these men met on April 15th in the Home Circuit, England, to fight at catchweight, for £10, and, although for so small a stake, it proved a good contest. George Stanton is a Northampton man, and his game encounter with Bond a month or two ago will be recollected. Curley Platt comes from the county of Leicester, is considered a very scientific delineator of the "noble art," and is somewhat lighter than his opponent. Puggy White quickly adjusted the ropes and stakes, Stanton being the first to appear, attended by Jack Hicks and Mickey Gannon, Platt having Napper and Tom Tyler behind him. After a few minutes after two o'clock they toed the scratch. Platt at once dashed off and displayed the most science, repeatedly landing; but though he gained the first blood in the eighth round, his blows lacked steam. Stanton made up the lack of the science of his opponent by pluck and determination, and gradually but surely took a decided lead. Platt, falling weak, was severely punished, failing to make any impression upon the more stalwart frame of the Northampton man. In all, forty-four rounds were contested, occupying 1 hour 43 min., when the men shook hands and Stanton was proclaimed the winner. The new rules of the ring were strictly carried out by the referee, an old ring-goer.

GOT A PLACE.—Barney Train, who defeated Jim Raddican and Ned Grant, in the old dart, and Jack Grady and Tom Bradshaw, in this country, has given up peddling silk, and opened a "rich like," and opened a saloon in Covington, Ky., styled the St. Lawrence Hotel. Barney appears to have been doing right well down there, as he's in the field for marshal of the town, and expects to gain the day in August next

JOHNNY MACKEY AND TOM ALLEN.—These boxers gave a glovical entertainment at Youngstown, O., on the 25th ult., which was fairly attended. The *beneficiaires* had little or no assistance in the way of boxers, but those present voted the windup between Tom and Johnny a full equivalent for the price of the pasteboard.

LIGHT MILLING IN THE BAY STATE.—The Franklin Trotting Park, at Saugus, Mass., some fifteen miles distant from the Hub of the universe, was invested by the fancy element to the number of about one hundred and fifty on the morning of the first inst., the cause of the unseasonable and unusual gathering being an off-hand passage at arms, for a small stake, between George Cheer, the English feather-weight, (who arrived here several months since, and recently fought Punch Morris in a room) and Mike O'Brien, a native of the Emerald Isle, taller, younger, and heavier than George, but without the latter old-fashioned cove's experience. The spectators nearly all came from Boston, proceeding to the ground in carriages and wagons, and arriving there about five o'clock. No rope or stakes were taken, the circle being formed by the lookers-on. Cheer was seconded by George Seddon, and Sol. Aaron waited upon O'Brien, George Riley officiating as referee. After about an hour had been spent in getting things in proper shape time was called, and the principals commenced their anatomical studies. It was plainly evident from the first that Cheer knew too much for his opponent. On scientific matters, only, did he shine, he remained cool and collected, while the Emeralder frequently became excited, and rushed at him like an enraged bull. This gave George an opportunity to plant frequent visitations, and though manifesting a disposition to keep well out of harm's way, he generally took advantage of these openings, albeit his blows lacked steam, and barring a rasper on the jaw no damage of consequence was done until they had been at it for above half an hour, when Cheer invested heavily on the left eye, which began to puff up instantly. After they had fiddled away for a little more than an hour, Cheer is alleged to have went down without a blow, when, upon appeal, the referee decided in favor of O'Brien, which was a fortunate thing for him, as he had no chance of winning otherwise. This decision, though manifestly correct, gave rise to considerable excitement, and matters looked ripe for a general scrape, which might have occurred had not the friends of Mike been so greatly in the ascendant. Cheer was scarcely marked, and beyond the closing of O'Brien's left orb and a few trifling scratches, he didn't show many signs of having been fighting, although he was considerably shaken up by the falls he received.

SAM COLLYER'S BALTIMORE BENEFIT.—The Front street Theatre, in the City of Monuments, was filled on Friday evening, 1st inst., by the fistic element and other admirers of Sam Collyer, the light-weight champion, who desired to attest their appreciation of his merits as a boxer and a man. A long array of volunteers had been announced, but for some reason the majority of them failed to "toe the scratch" at the call of "time." Nothing daunted, however, by this disappointment, Sam, assisted by John Charles, who acted as master of ceremonies, proceeded with the show. The orchestra having finished their introductory, gave way to the "Æolian Quartette," a vocal club of that city, who amused the audience with a couple of warbles. Sam, with his kids, Steve, Dan and Eddie, then came on for a dance, and proved themselves graduates in the art of heel-and-toe-ology. Harry Richmond followed with the history of his "Bonnie Bell" in song, but owing to the orchestra striking too high a key, or the singist too low a one, he only partially succeeded. The big thing of the evening was a "bout" between Collyer and Billy White. Sam showed off to great advantage along side of White, who was much the lighter man of the two, and the display was short and sweet. White showed a good deal of science, and gave his opponent two or three taps on the knowledge box, but "cast iron Sam" always returned the compliments with interest. Harry Nelson, otherwise known as the "cocktail shingist," then mounted the ducats with his Indian clubs and proved that he could sling them as well as he does his "Fenians." Several additional boxing matches were indulged in between Fitzgerald, the trainer, and young Carroll, and a couple of brace of "kids," and after a negro burlesque by Sam and his boys, the performance, which was in all respects a success, closed.

PATSY SHEPPARD IN ST. LOUIS.—The exhibition given by the above aspiring boxer at Looney & Carroll's New Academy Hall, St. Louis, Mo., on the evening of the 30th ult., turned out, as had been anticipated, a perfect ovation, the spacious hall being jammed in every part, and had it been much larger the same report would have been made. It shows what they think of Patsy out there, where he is well known, and must have been highly gratifying to him, contrasted with the unprofitable entertainments given by him in other localities. Among those who appeared on the stage during the evening were Bill Ryall, Denny O'Brien, Tom Riley, Pat Hanley, Jim Reynolds, Mat Ford, Mike Trainor, Hen Fitzgerald, Dublin Tricks, Josh Shaw, Sher. Thurston and Bill Collins. Everything passed off to the satisfaction of all, the exercises winding up with a box between Patsy Sheppard and Young Ryan. Sheppard was to leave the next day for Cleveland, O., to commence training for his mill with Barney Aaron.

GROWL BETWEEN MCLEAN AND HEAVEY.—We understand that Billy McLean and Pete Heavey, between whom there has existed a grudge of long standing, met at Patsy Reardon's late benefit in Philadelphia, when the old sore was opened afresh and a hotly worded dispute terminated in Mac daring Pete to try him a go with the naked fists and it was expected that it would come to that ere long.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.—Prompt to time, on the day when in New York was turned topsy-turvy by the moving mania, and trucks heavily laden with the goods and chattels of our resident population lumbered noisily through every street, came the third instalment of two hundred and fifty dollars a side in the championship match between the versatile performer and pugilist Sam Collyer, and the youthful and ambitious boxer Billy Edwards, augmenting the amount now in the hands of the stakeholder to five hundred dollars a side. The Ex-Orderly forwarded his share by express from Baltimore, and it was delivered in good season by the jocular "Eels," while the "novice," who had just arrived in the city from the coaly district of Pottsville, Pa., posted his in person. The redoubtable champion was to have "showed" in the Monumental City on the night of the 2d inst., and Edwards contemplates starting on a sparring tour through the Western country shortly, in company with Dooney Harris, who, it is pretty well assured, will give him the benefit of his knowledge, gained by experience, in preparing for the approaching maiden engagement inside the squared circle, on the sacred soil of the Old Dominion.

GLASGOW'S EXHIBITION.—The sparring show given at 600 Broadway on the evening of the 28th ult., for the weal of Young Glasgow, proved a most lamentable failure, the attendance being very light-waisted and scarcely any of the boxers putting in an appearance; consequently the entertainment didn't amount to shucks, and those who did attend were heartily glad when the wind-up was given by the beneficiary and an Unknown, which terminated the exercises in good style, though the lad from Scotia had everything pretty much his own way. Glasgow thinks it isn't exactly doing the right thing to treat him thuswise after the readiness he has shown to accommodate others. Perhaps not.

GETTING ABOUT AGAIN.—After a prolonged and irksome confinement to his room, necessitated by the painful accident which happened him some months since, the portly, smooth-faced, genial Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Robert Smith, is now rapidly convalescing, and during the past week has taken frequent airings on the road behind a pair of fast steppers, touched up occasionally with a whip which formerly belonged to the once celebrated English champion, Tom Spring. He expects to be fully "able for duty," to adopt a military phrase, in a few days, which his friends will be pleased to learn.

UP FOR A BEN.—The friends of that skillful and accommodating young boxer, Luke Gleason, who has been unable to attend to business since he sustained the severe injuries alluded to in a previous issue, have in contemplation the tendering of a complimentary benefit to him, which will take place in a few days at some hall in the metropolis.

THE WOODBINE HOUSE, in the Queen City, is at present under the *régime* of Peter E. and Owen Hand, and is always well stocked with the choicest bibibles and smokables. For location, etc., see address in another column.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—Billy Edwards arrived in the city on the 1st inst., from Pottsville, Pa., where he had a benefit on the night of the 25th, and desires to return, through us, his sincere thanks to Thomas Williams, McAtee and Andrew Corcoran for kindness shown him during his sojourn in the mining district.

IN BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF.—Billy Parkinson, who fought Tom Kelly, has opened a *hostelrie* in Tamaqua, Pa., with a prospect of doing right well.

MICKEY COBURN'S TURN UP WITH HEN DUFFEY.—Noticing an answer in a recent issue in reference to the room fight between the above parties, an eye-witness of the affair informs us that they fought for about 20 minutes, Mickey having decidedly the best of the fighting, when the cry of "police" occasioned a stampede and put an end to it. Coburn was on hand next morning ready to renew hostilities, but Duffey, who complained of feeling sore, refused to commence over again, but offered to fight him in two weeks. Upon the expiration of the alloted time Coburn was ready but Duffey declined, and so the matter ended.

☞ We have letters for Jimmy Elliott, John Grindell and Sam Collyer.

THE GREAT MATCH
FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The universal interest centred in the approaching pugilistic controversy between Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole for ten thousand dollars and the American championship augments as the fixture draws rapidly nigher and nigher. The movements of the principals are closely watched, and any information, however slight, concerning them, is devoured with avidity by those who usually keep posted upon ring matters, as well as many more who seldom take cognisance thereof, but whose attention has been attracted to the present match by the importance of the same and the amount of money at stake. The men are steadily at work, and, judging from their present condition, there is no cause to fear that when the day of settlement comes around each will be in proper fix. Coburn still has the services of Charley Earle and Ben Hogan, who attend assiduously to their duties, and he is now very near down to his fighting weight, and since his recovery from a slight attack of biliousness a couple of days last week, has felt, to use his own words, as well as ever he did in his life. He frequently has the benefit of a spar with some of the best men in the city, and his surprising skill and quickness, now more apparent than ever, have materially added to the confidence heretofore reposed in him by his friends. The Harlem Hotel, on 125th street, near 3d avenue, where he may be seen daily taking his exercise, is extensively patronized by the sporting fraternity, who improvise during their stay any quantity of "fun for the boys." Joe was recently presented by Frank King with a magnificent Siberian bloodhound, which when allowed full liberty never fails to make a clean sweep of the enclosure, nobody having any particular fancy to risk coming within reach of his capacious jaws.

The colors to be worn by the ex-champion on the occasion are of a very elegant and showy design, being a rich, handsome silk, of Emerald green ground, with the harp of Hibernia in the centre, underneath which is an ordinary shield of three compartments of red, white and blue, with black border, and interspersed with white and blue stars. The Shamrock is at each corner, and the entirety of the square is bordered by red, white and blue, intermingled also with American stars. Coburn purposes starting in company with a trusted friend, on or about the 11th inst. for the Smoky City, where arrangements are now making for a grand entertainment in his behalf. From Mickle's quarters we hear nothing fresh. He remains hard at work at the Abbey, a short distance from the Mound City, and notwithstanding the rumors flying about of the seeming inability to get him into good order, his friends give evidence of possessing unwavering confidence in his ability by offering large odds on him. His mentors continue to be, as heretofore, Dublin Tricks and Mike Trainor. We have not heard what the design of his colors will be, but they will doubtless partake, like Coburn's, of a blending of the national emblems of America and the Green Isle.

UNCLE TOVER'S ENTERTAINMENT.—To the astonishment and extreme regret of those who understand the claims possessed by the old gentleman upon the fraternity, and who properly appreciated his services, there was an exceedingly meagre attendance at the Broadway Opera House on Thursday evening, 30th ult., when, upon solicitation, he consented reluctantly to again become a candidate for the pecuniary favors of the public. Now this ain't treating the old man in the way he deserves, for there's no question about it, he has done more for the boys than they could possibly do for him, and, aside from all other considerations that friendship and sympathetic feeling which should animate them toward a fellow boxer, now far advanced in the sere and yellow leaf, should have insured the venerable Master of Ceremonies a crowded house and a snug sum, which he is in far more need of than some upon whom the public lavish their currency, and always puts it to a good use. The time will, no doubt, come when the fraternity will be made aware of the worth of the beneficiary when it is too late to acknowledge the same, and they'll regret that th y failed to do so before. Among the regulars in the boxing line who did attend, although they didn't take part in the entertainment, not from lack of disposition, however, were Ed. Tuohey, Jim Coburn, Luke Gleason and Butt Riley. Tom the Boatman was on hand, according to promise, and at considerably past the accustomed hour opened the entertainment with a couple of younkers, styled "Smiley the Monger" and Paddy Glassey, who bobbed each other about in lively style, the namesake of the burlesque prima donna rather getting the upper hand of his opponent. The Stenson brothers followed, and they were succeeded by O'Mealia and friend. Ben Hogan and young Riley came next and slugged away as though they were resolved upon knocking each other into smithereens, and they did apparently come pretty near it. Ed. Morley, the ventriloquist from Hill's Exchange, then varied the bill with a laughable scene styled Mrs. Partington, and he gave place to the two staunch friends, Carman and Grady, who, as they always do, made an excellent set-to. After Denny Doran had exhibited his proficiency with the Indian Clubs, the *beneficiaire* came upon the boards with one of his former pupils, a young fellow named Ellison. Before beginning, the old man, who naturally felt deeply aggrieved at the meagreness of the assemblage, made a neat little speech inclusive of his feelings, detailing the many privations he was called upon to undergo, especially during the winter season—which we know to be true and which are enough to "crook" many a young man of less determination and weaker constitution—and winding up by thanking sincerely those who did show up for his weal—an evidence of friendship which he sould not forget. In the *finale* the venerable M. C. proved that he was good for a few turns yet, and although his more youthful and stronger antagonist propped him pretty hard several times, Uncle was always ready with the return, and we guess the young 'un had a surfeit when they finished.

THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR MATCH.—There is little of interest to communicate this week in reference to the match between the representative light weights of the East and West, Barney Aaron and Patsy Sheppard. The New Yorker continues industriously at work, under the mentorship of John Sheffield, at Captain Smith's, Weehawken, and his training quarters are visited by large numbers, especially on Sundays, when, now that the weather is favorable, everybody makes it their aim to obtain a breath of fresh air, if possible. There was an unusually extensive gathering of the element there on the 3d inst., evidently anticipating a second chapter of the altercation between Aaron and Drumgoole, alluded to in our last, but fortunately nothing of the sort marred the harmony of the occasion. Barney looks in first rate fix, and that he will be well under weight on the day admits of no doubt. Sheppard had a benefit at the New Academy Hall, St. Louis, Mo., on the 30th ult, which netted him a handsome sum; and on the day subsequent he was to leave for the Forest City, there to commence his training under the watchful and experienced Johnny Mackey. The betting in this vicinity ranges from 100 to 60 on the Gothamite, although there is no lack of takers at that figure, while in the West the odds rule slightly in favor of Patsy. Should the affair be brought to a satisfactory issue, the general impression is that a scientific, hard fought battle will be the result.

RETURNED.—The wife of the late Izzy Lazarus returned to this city on the City of Baltimore, the same vessel in which she took her departure for Albion, last week.

COMING OVER.—Jim Ward, the painter pugilist and ex-champion of England, who is well spoken of by Americans who have visited him in Liverpool, Eng., has sold out his hostelrie, the "Pickwick" in Houghton street, and contemplates making a trip to this country ere long. If words go for anything he'll be accorded a warm welcome.

ILLNESS OF ALEXANDER MASON.—The numerous friends of Mr. Alex. Mason, proprietor of the "Adriatic" and a genial gentleman connected with the political and sporting world, will regret to learn that he has been prostrated by a pulmonary complaint.

GOING TO PORKOPOLIS.—Tom O'Donnell, the well-known veteran sporting man, and one of the best men that ever drew on spiked shoes in his day, intends taking a trip to Cincinnati about the 13th inst. As he has a host of friends in that section, he'll no doubt have a good reception.

NED O'BALDWIN was announced to give a sparring exhibition at Shakespeare Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., on Saturday evening, 2nd inst.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match between Joe Goss and Harry Allen goes on all regular. Another deposit of £10 was tabled on Friday, 17th ult.

COMING HOME.—The Hon. John Morrissey, who has been sojourning at the Hot Springs, Ark., for sometime past, was to have left on his return North on the 4th inst., and is expected in the city during the current week. He is so well pleased with his present position, that there is every likelihood of his becoming a candidate at the next Congressional election.

JACK HAMILTON IN QUOD.—Our foreign exchanges mention the arrest of Jack Hamilton, *alias* "Jack Sheppard" upon a charge of assaulting and robbing a Turkish gentleman, Ali Suave, *en route* to Paris, and that, according to the police, he is a professional card sharper, working the tidal trains with a season ticket. Upon examination he was remanded for trial.

THE BLACKEY-MCCOTTER MATCH.—The second instalment of one hundred and fifty dollars a side in the one thousand dollar engagement between Hank McCotter, of Albany, and Johnny Blackey, of this city, was posted on the day fixed, Friday, 1st inst., swelling the amount to two hundred dollars a side. The important matter of selecting a final stakeholder was to be settled at the same time, but although the New Yorkers were on hand and waited several hours, McCotter's representative (business preventing Hank from attending himself) failed to appear, and Blackey and his friends took their departure, not knowing what to make out of the delay. However, the cause of the absence of Mac's delegate was subsequently satisfactorily explained, and on Monday the parties called a second time at our office, and after a short consultation agreed upon a well-known sporting man for final stakeholder, which fastens the only loose pin heretofore visible in the protocol. We are informed that John Lawrence will attend to the Albanyite during his training, which he will enter upon about the 20th inst., locating himself at the Abbey.

HOLLIWOOD AND KEATING were still in Porkopolis at last accounts. Johnny, who is under surgical treatment, will shortly have a benefit there, and Dick will give several exhibitions ere he returns to the metropolis, where it is probable he will go into business for himself with the handsome stake so easily realized. We hear he is resolved to adhere strictly to the resolve expressed before the fight never to enter the roped arena again.

FIGHTING FOR A FEMININE.—A couple of young gentlemen, at Fort Wayne, Ind., fell in love with a waiter girl in one of the hotels of that town, a short time ago, and as a matter of course fell out. The result was a quarrel, a challenge, but no fight. All the preliminaries, however, were made for a bloody meeting, but it seems that neither kept the appointment.

PEDESTRIANISM.

MCETTRICK AND SCOTT'S MATCH.—The 100 miles walking match for the Championship of New England and $1,000, recently arranged between T. A. Scott and J. F. McEttrick, has caused no little excitement among the admirers of pedestrianism in Boston and vicinity. Both men are said to possess great endurance and activity, and each is confident of success. Scott is 31 years old, 5ft. 9¾in. in height, is well known to the New England public as a trainer, and has engaged during the last thirteen years in several walking and running matches. He extended a challenge to Weston last fall, which the latter did not accept. Since that time he has signified his willingness to make a match with any man in New England, but until recently had found nobody willing to walk with him. McEttrick hails from the Highland district, and is a promising young athlete, 21 years old, 5ft. 10in. in height, and previous to this has never appeared in public as a pedestrian, although he has taken part in several wrestling matches, in all of which he has been successful, we believe.

SEVEN AND ONE-HALF MILES IN ONE HOUR.—The match against time, Johnny Lazarus backing young Oddy to walk the above mentioned distance within sixty minutes, takes place at the Suffolk Park course, Philadelphia, this (Tuesday) afternoon, providing the weather is favorable; if not it will be postponed until the first pleasant day. Jim Smith, the English ped, who arrived here a few months ago, has been attending upon Oddy in his preliminary exercise and will be with him when he makes the attempt.

TOPLEY'S FIFTY MILE WALKING MATCH.—On Monday, May 4th, the English champion long distance pedestrian commenced the feat of walking fifty miles in ten hours upon a wager of $500 a side, at the Fashion Track, L. I., a large number of sporting men being in attendance. He was attired in white shirt, drawers and trunks trimmed with blue, and at 9 o'clock started upon the journey with a springy, elastic step. As the task will not be completed until after the hour of our going to press, we must defer an account until our next issue. The first eleven miles were made in one hour and forty-seven minutes.

WANTS TO TRY HIS POWER.—We have received a communication from a youth of Wilmington, Del., who on a wager of one thousand dollars offers to walk from that city to the city of Omaha, Neb., a distance of 1280 miles, in twenty-six consecutive days, and the fourth one hundred miles to be made in twenty-four hours. If successful he will bear one half the expenses of the party accompanying him as witnesses, and challenge Weston afterwards to perform a 500 mile feat. Parties wishing to accept this, may find the man at the Monitor House, Wilmington, Del.

BASE BALL.

OPENING DAY OF THE ECKFORD CLUB.

The Eckford Club, of Brooklyn, had their first practice game for the season of 1868 at the Union ground on Tuesday, April 28th. A few years ago the champion club of the country, since 1863 the Eckfords have not taken as prominent a part as formerly. Their prospects for the present season, however, are very encouraging. They expect to have a better nine this year than they have had before in five years. Tuesday the members of the club were represented in large numbers, no less than twenty-six taking part in the inaugural game. Ten played on the "nine" side, and seventeen on the field, the latter side being allowed the advantage of four outs. Among the new players present were Van Alst, Ward, Lynch, Eggler and Potts—all from Junior clubs. Among the prominent members on the field were Judge Voorhees and Mr. Wm. Ray, President and Vice President of the club; and Messrs. Mills, Simonson, Grim, Al. Smith, Ryan, Van Dyke and J. Grum. The game was not closely contested, but everything considered, was a creditable display. The new pitcher, Van Alst, developed considerable ability as a fielder and pitchist, and it was with difficulty that the field could hit him beyond the bases; in fact, backed up as he was by good players, it was not till the fifth innings that the field nine could make a run. Later in the game he dropped his pace by the advice of Jimmy Wood, to give the fielders a chance, and a fine exhibition of infielding was the result, in which Nelson and Wood carried off the laurels. Ward, the new catcher, showed off to advantage, his play behind the bat being tip-top. The new fielders had no chance to display themselves, and therefore we cannot judge of their merits. On the field side Van Dyke, Voorhees, Grim, Southard and Gorman were fully up to the standard of some of the first nine players in fielding. At the bat the Fallstaffian proportions of Van Dyke showed off to good advantage, and the way he got round the bases was worth seeing. A bat and ball presented by Horsman were won respectively by Wood and Van Dyke for the best scores. After the game the Eckfords and their friends were invited to partake of a chowder prepared in Sam Lewis' best style, with lager *ad libitum*. An agreeable hour was passed in this manner, making a fitting wind up of the day's sport. We give the score below:—

FIELD.	H.	L.	R.
Mills, p.	2	0	
Courtney, c.	3	0	
Brownell, 1st b.	2	0	
Simonson, s. s.	2	0	
Ray, f.	2	1	
Grim, 2d b.	3	0	
J. Stillwagen, f.	2	0	
Voorhees, c.	2	0	
Southard, 2d b.	2	1	
Al. Smith, f.	3	0	
Foster, f.	1	0	
G. Smith, f.	1	0	
Ryan, c. f.	2	0	
Gossman, r. f.	2	0	
Van Dyke, r.	0	2	
Voorhees, r.	2	1	
J. Grum, f.	1	1	
Total.	6		

ECKFORD.	H.	L.	R.
Wood, 2d b.	2	3	
Van Alst, p.	3	1	
Nelson, s. s.	3	2	
Klein, 3d b.	2	2	
Ward, c.	3	1	
Lynch, r. f.	4	1	
Eggler, c. f.	3	2	
Potts, 1 f.	3	2	
Allison, 1st b.	1	2	
Laing, f.	3	0	
Malone, r. s.	2	1	
Total.	16		

INNINGS.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Field.	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	2	1—6
Eckford.	2	0	1	0	3	0	2	3	5—16

Fly catches—Mills, 1; Grim, 1; Voorhees, 1; Gossman, 1; Van Dyke, 1; Loton, 1; total, 6; Van Alst, 1; Allison, 1; Loring, 1; Wood, 2; Malone, 1; total, 8. Out on fouls—Field, 2; Eckford, 4. Umpire—Mr. W. Brown, of the Eckford Club. Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Gill. Time of game—One hour and fifty-five minutes.

ATHLETIC vs. COMMONWEALTH.

The famous Athletics appeared for the first time this season in a match game on their own grounds, their adversaries being the Commonwealth. The weather was clear and pleasant, and the attendance in consequence was quite large for this early in the season, but the one-sided character of the game divested the play of all interest. Kleinfelder pitched for the Athletic in place of McBride, who was absent. The score will tell the story:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.
Reach, 2d b.	5	3	
Wilkins, s s.	2	8	
Fisler, 1st b.	4	7	
Berry, 3d b.	1	13	
Sensenderfer, c f.	3	8	
Radcliff, c.	3	8	
Cuthbert, 1 f.	4	7	
Schafer, r f.	5	6	
Kleinfelder, p.	3	4	
Total.	30	66	

COMMONWEALTH.	H.	L.	R.
Roberts, p.	3	1	
Fulton, 1st b.	4	2	
Hargesheimer, c.	1	4	
Jones, 2d b.	1	4	
J. Woolman, c f.	4	1	
Freeman, 3d b.	3	5	
Cushing, l f.	4	1	
Blackemore, r f.	1	3	
Borden, s s.	1	1	
Total.	22	21	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic.	5	6	6	4	4	5	15	10	—61
Commonwealth	1	1	0	2	0	4	0	0	—8

Home runs—Cuthbert, 1; "Senay," 1. Fly Catches—Athletic—Reach, 2; "Senay," 1; Radcliff, 1; Schafer, 1; total, 5. Commonwealth—Roberts, 2; Fulton, 1; Hargesheimer, 4; Jones, 2; Woolman, 2; Blackemore, 1; total, 12. Passed Balls—Radcliff, 4; Hargesheimer, 1. Umpire—Mr. Bolling, of the Camden. Scorers—Messrs. Schofield and Lynch. Time of Game—2.53.

This week the Athletics play the Olympics, the date fixed being May 7. On the 8th the Harry Clay and Keystone come together, and on the 9th the Athletic and Bachelor clubs play the first of a match, the return taking place on the 12th.

KEYSTONE vs. GEARY.

The base ball season was inaugurated in Philadelphia on Monday, April 27, by a match game between the Keystone and Geary Clubs. The Gearys have been strengthened considerably since last season by additions from the West Philadelphia Club, (Clinton, Bechtel and Dorsey,) Heubel, of the Quaker City; and the Allison brothers. The Keystones were short-handed, Dick and Albertson being the absentees. Gwynn was unable to pitch the whole nine innings, Cope relieving him. Although the game was close there was very little interest manifested by the spectators, who numbered over a thousand. On the whole the display was not creditable, most of the players being very "trusty." We give the score:—

KEYSTONE.	H.	L.	R.	B.
Cope, p.	4	2	2	
Gwynn, l. f.	3	2	2	
Conner, c. f.	2	3	0	
McMullen, 2d b.	3	2	1	
Weaver, r. f.	3	2	1	
Robinson, 1st b.	2	2	1	
Woods, s. s.	3	2	0	
Burleigh, c.	2	2	1	
Ewell, 3d b.	5	0	0	
Total.	13	9		

GEARY.	H.	L.	R.	B.
Hopkins, c. f.	3	3	2	
Bechtel, p.	3	3	1	
Halbach, s. s.	3	1	2	
Dorsey, r. f.	3	2	0	
Clinton, 3d b.	3	2	0	
D. Allison, l. f.	4	0	0	
A. Allison, c.	3	1	0	
Fluck, 2d b.	3	1	0	
Heubel, 1st b.	2	2	2	
Total.	13	11		

INNINGS.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Keystone.	0	4	1	1	3	6	1	0	2—18
Geary.	0	1	0	7	0	0	5	1	1—15

Fly catches—Burleigh 4, Cope 2, Gwynn 2, Weaver 1, Woods 1, Conner 1—total for Keystone, 13. A. Allison 3, Heubel 2, Bechtel 2, Dorsey 4, Fluck 1—total for Geary, 9. Umpire—Mr. Kleinfelder, of the Athletic Club. Time of game—Three hours and twenty minutes.

P. S.—The return match between these clubs will come off, "weather permitting," on the 9th of May.

WANATA vs. ORIENTAL.

These Brookline, Mass., Clubs, played a game on the 22d ult., for the championship. It was closely contested, but the Wanatas, who had out the best team, came out victorious, as will be seen by the subjoined score:—

WANATA.	H.	L.	R.	B.
F. Wellman, c. f.	1	5	3	
Page, p.	2	4	4	
Woods, 3d b.	1	5	3	
A. Wellman, 1st b.	2	5	5	
Williams, 2 l b.	3	2	2	
Tyler, c.	3	3	3	
Lincoln, s. s.	3	5	1	
Hardy, l. f.	4	3	2	
Briggs, r. f.	5	2	1	
Total.	30	36		

ORIENTAL.	H.	L.	R.	B.
Newman, s. s.	2	0	5	
Twichell, 3d b.	4	2	1	
Edgell, c. f.	3	3	5	
Chase, c.	2	3	5	
Merryman, p.	4	3	3	
Waldo, 1st b.	4	3	4	
Little, 2d b.	4	2	2	
Dana, c. f.	3	3	3	
Hunt, r. f.	1	5	0	
Total.	24	25		

INNINGS.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Wanata	2	0	2	5	8	1	4	2	6—30
Oriental.	2	0	2	5	0	0	0	0	0—24

Fly catches—W. Tyler, 4; Page, 2; A. Wellman, 2—total by Wanata, 8. Chase, 7; Edgerly, 3; Waldo, 2; Allen, 2—total by Oriental, 14. Umpire—Mr. Fay, of the Brookline Club. Scorers—Messrs. Lincoln and Edwards. Time of game—three hours and ten minutes.

ORIENTAL vs. EAGLE.

On April 23d, the Oriental and Eagle Clubs, of Brookline, Mass., came together in a match game, with the following result:—

ORIENTAL.	H.	L.	R.	B.
Tyler, p.	0	8	6	
Edgerly, 1 f.	3	7	8	
Chase, c.	1	7	9	
Waldo, 1st b.	3	6	6	
Brooks, c f.	3	7	4	
Newman, s s.	0	5	4	
Davis, 2d b.	2	7	3	
Hunt, r f.	2	3	2	
Crosby, 2d b.	1	0	1	
Total.	50		44	

EAGLE.	H.	L.	R.	B.
Horner, p.	3	1	0	
Cotting, c.	0	3	2	
Butler, 2d b.	0	3	2	
D. Hudson, 1st b.	2	1	0	
Bowman, c f.	3	1	1	
Sevrit, r f.	1	3	3	
C. Hudson, s s.	3	0	0	
Williams, l f.	3	1	2	
G. Cotting, 3d b.	0	3	4	
Total.	15		14	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Oriental.	15	19		13	2—50
Eagle.	2	10	1	1	1—15

Base out—By D. Hudson, 3; Horner, 3; G. Cotting, 1—Total by Eagle, 7. Assisted by G. Cotting, 3; Horner, 2. Put out—By Waldo, 4; Chase, 1; Hunt, 1; Brooks, 1—Total by Oriental, 8. Assisted by Edgerly, 3; Tyler, 1. Fly catches—Oriental, 3; Eagle, 2. Fouls caught—Eagle, 5; Oriental, 4. Umpire—Mr. Villa, of the Alert Club. Scorers—Messrs. Ed

THE SERENADE AT THE VILLA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Wake, Lady mine! the Evening star
Went to its rest an hour ago;
The pale moon, in the clouds afar,
List to the river's plaintive flow;
Softly the fragrant, murmuring wind
Is playing through the shadowy trees;
Leave, darling, ah your dreams behind—
And—*chow! ah chow!* (excuse the sneeze)

What though the stars shine through the night?
They have, alas! no charm for me;
They never dared be half so bright
As your dear, darling eyes can be!
The moon may shine her life to waste—
The wind may sob o'er dreary wood—
But—*chow! ah chow!* (my love make haste—
I've caught a most tremendous cold!)

In vain I sing!—Its very damp—
My lute is getting out of tune;
I feel a sudden twinge of cramp,
And must skedaddle pretty soon.
Perchance in other, happier times,
Hither I'll come, my love to tell:—
But, if I'm forced to sunnier climes,
Farewell! *ah chow! ah chow!* Farewell.

THE WHITE HAND;
OR,
THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE THIRD.
THE LEFT HAND DRAWER.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

"What manner of man is this?
Let's watch him when he sleeps."

As Mrs. Bagshaw's face was in the shade, the stranger could neither see what expression it wore nor trace the outline of her features. The light, too, from the window confused him. He therefore stood with his eyes fixed upon her, but without being able to make out more than a dark figure between him and the lamp.

"Mrs. Bagshaw, I presume?" he said, in a soft mild voice.

She made no answer, but slightly bowed her head; and he continued:—

"There is no occasion for any alarm. I assure you there is no danger. Your husband, Mrs. Bagshaw, I regret to say, has met with an accident upon the railway yonder. The express ran into a luggage train. It is more a severe shaking and fright than anything else, the doctor assures me. We have brought him home, and we will bring him in if you think you are prepared to meet him; but it is of great importance that he should be kept perfectly quiet, and not agitated in the least."

"Will you bring him in, sir?"

The stranger bowed.

"He is here."

He stepped back a pace or two to motion to the men who were carrying the injured gentleman to approach. The moment his back was turned the young wife passed rapidly through the drawing room and ran up stairs to her own apartment. Meanwhile they had brought forward the litter, and entered the open French windows, depositing Bagshaw upon the sofa. A doctor was one of the party, who had also been a passenger in the express train. He stooped down over the motionless form, and felt his pulse and laid his hand upon the patient's heart.

"It's a ticklish case," he said, "and will want some care. A couple of ribs broken, I fancy. He ought to be got to bed so that I can make a proper examination and see what can be done. Where's the lady?"

They looked round in surprise.

"I left her here," said the other gentleman, "a minute ago."

"I wonder she ran away when she knew he was coming."

"Perhaps she did not understand."

The wounded man just now opened his eyes, and looked slowly round the room.

"Where am I? Where is my wife? Ah, sir, you here?"

As he spoke he took the hand of the stranger in his.

"You must not leave me," he said.

"No, no; not till you're better, anyhow."

They waited for some minutes, but the lady did not appear. Then a message came down that Mr. Bagshaw was to be taken up stairs. The doctor was assisted by the strange gentleman and the servants in conveying the master of the house to his apartment. Up stairs, however, strange to say, the lady was not visible. She had been taken with a sudden faintness, the maid explained.

"Very nervous, eh?" the doctor inquired with a slight smile.

"Well, perhaps it's as well as it is. I don't want any fuss or bother. When the patient is in bed let me be left with him by myself."

When the rest had gone away, however, the young wife appeared. She knocked at the door

"Come in!"

"I am Mrs. Bagshaw. How is your patient? Is it serious?"

"She takes it mighty cool," the doctor thought.

"It may be very serious," he answered. "Everything will depend upon his being quiet and well taken care of."

"I will see he is well taken care of."

"You? O, all right; yes, of course."

"Will you allow me to pay you, sir, for your attendance? We have our own doctor, who will attend to my husband to-morrow. Good evening, sir."

The doctor looked a little crestfallen as he pocketed his fee, and perhaps secretly wished he had been a little more civil to the lady of the house. It was too late now, though, to regret the past. He had his marching orders, and the same fate awaited the other gentlemen down stairs. As they still lingered in the drawing room, a message reached them through the lady's maid: "Would they take a glass of wine or any refreshment before they went?"

They refused to take anything rather gruffly and went their way. Mrs. Bagshaw listened to the sound of their retreating footsteps with a quiet smile. Presently she came rustling down stairs and went towards the drawing room. But having half opened the door, she started back again.

A tall, dark gentleman stood before the fire, his elbow resting on the mantel-piece, his head on his hand. It was the mysterious stranger. She turned and fled up stairs again. Then she rang violently for her maid.

"What's the meaning of this?"

"Of what, ma'am?"

"I thought I told you to turn those people out of the house?"

"They have all gone but one, ma'am—the gentleman that is to stop."

"Is to stop!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Who says he is to stop? What do you mean?"

"He said so himself. He seems rather a cool sort of gentleman."

"Very, I think."

While they were talking a bell rang down stairs, and a minute later a message was brought up.

"The gentleman's compliments to Mrs. Bagshaw, and might he hope for the pleasure of seeing her to-night?"

The wife made no answer. She was sitting in front of the fire in her dressing-room, her feet resting on the fender, and her eyes fixed upon the red cinders. Her brow contracted and her lips tightened.

"Does he know the truth?" she asked herself. "Did he recognise me? No, that is impossible."

The servant was still waiting for an answer.

"Ask for the gentleman's name."

It seemed rather curious that the stranger had not sent up a card with the message. He did so now, with an apology, saying that he thought most likely Mr. Bagshaw had given the lady his name. She read the name on the card, and when the lady's maid looked at her mistress' face she noticed upon it a deathlike pallor very different to its ordinary paleness.

"Give him my compliments," she said, "and I regret to say I am too unwell to see him this evening."

The tall, dark gentleman received this message very coolly.

"Very well," to-morrow. If Mr. Bagshaw wants me let me know, if you please. I won't stop up late, though. Tell me when my room is ready."

The servants were a little surprised at this style of talking, and thought the gentleman's manners very free and easy. Mr. Bagshaw by no means kept open house. Visitors to his abode were few and far between; indeed, there was not much accommodation in this rambling, awkwardly-built house, and Mr. Bagshaw did not take his pleasure in that way; he had other notions.

The servants then did not see their way very clearly, but were at a loss how to act. In the meanwhile they left the stranger languishing by himself in the drawing-room, where, by the way, he made himself very much at home with a book and a cigar, and sent a message upstairs to the mistress through the lady's maid.

"He shall not stop here," she cried excitedly, and rising, went straight to her husband's bedroom.

He was asleep. She moved about, rattled the furniture, and awoke him. He looked up with a sort of whining complaint.

"O! O! what is that? Why do you not let me rest? O, this pain! O! O!"

It might have been the death-struggles of a fly she was contemplating, she looked on so coolly. But catching his eye, she came to the bedside, stooped over him, and gently smoothed his pillow.

"What is it, dearest? cannot you sleep? are you in less pain now?"

"About the same. Give me the drink there on the side-table. Ah!" with a long sigh, "that is better."

After a moment's pause she began upon the subject she was anxious about.

"There is a gentleman down stairs who did not go with the rest; here is his card; do you know anything of him?"

"Yes, yes; I wish him to stay. Be very polite to him; do all you can to make him welcome."

"The worst of it is we have no room fit for a stranger to sleep in. I might get him a bed at the inn, perhaps."

"A bed at the inn! Good heavens! why surely we have bed and bedding for such an emergency? You must find it, at any rate; I wish him to stop."

"O yes, dear, yes. There is no occasion for you to excite yourself. If you desire it, of course he can remain as long as he chooses. There were not any difficulties, but the servants! I thought, too, at such a time, when you were so dangerously ill, it was strange to have visitors. At least, so it struck me."

"Not strange at all; and I am not going to be in bed long."

"I trust not The doctor, however——"

"He told me not. He is a clever man. When is he coming again?"

"Coming again?"

"Yes, he must not leave me long between his visits. Will he be here the first thing in the morning?"

"I do not think he is coming any more. At least I understood as much. There is our own family doctor."

"No, no; I want that doctor. He understands the case. I must have him."

"The difficulty is where to find him. If I only knew I would send at once; but I am even unacquainted with his name."

"I can tell you that. He rode in the same carriage with me. His name is Carson. He is down at Harwich on business. You will find him easily enough if you send to the various hotels. Send at once."

A black cloud passed over the wife's face, but she gently bathed the sick man's head.

"I will do what you wish without loss of time. Make your mind perfectly easy."

She still, however, lingered by the bedside.

"Have you known the gentleman down stairs a long while?"

"I cannot talk of that now, I am so fatigued. Every breath I take seems to cut me like a knife. No, I have not known him before to-night."

"There, there! You must not distress yourself. I will leave you now."

"Do, do; I want to go to sleep."

Again the black cloud crossed her brow. As she noiselessly crept from the room, she muttered to herself,

"He'll sleep sounder, perhaps, some day."

The bell down stairs rang again presently.

"Is my room ready?" asked the strange gentleman, and again the servant came up stairs to ask what was to be done.

He certainly was a strange gentleman this, to whom Mr. Bagshaw had given shelter. Perhaps we shall learn presently how he had made his acquaintance. Upon the first glance, though, it seems rather a rash proceeding to take a man one meets for the first time home to one's house, and give him sleeping accommodation.

The innocent old grocer perhaps had other reasons. So thought his wife, at any rate. Maybe she knew a little more of the world—a little more of its uglier side, anyhow. But he was a strange gentleman. To begin with, it was strange that when left alone in the drawing room he should close the window and pull down the blind with a remark muttered to himself, something to this effect.

"How do I know who may be prying in upon me? Anyone might hide away behind these infernal bushes."

Why should he have dreaded prying eyes? It was singular. Again, when the blind was down it was hardly gentlemanly of him to open the letters lying about on the mantelpiece or stuck round the glass and read their contents. But that was not all. It was still stranger that he should, when he had exhausted this amusement, make a tour of the apartment and peep into all the drawers and cupboards. But that was not the worst.

Strangest of all his next course of conduct. Having visited everything that was *open* he came upon a desk which was locked. The lock of this he examined critically for a moment, then felt in his pocket and produced a curious little instrument which at first sight an inexperienced person might have taken for a lancet. This he introduced into the lock, gave it a turn or two, and the desk was opened.

And what he did now was really odd indeed. He approached the door on tip-toe, turned the handle and noiselessly peeped out. No one about—no one prying. Then he came back to the desk and went thoroughly into an examination of its contents. He did this too in a very rapid and business like fashion, opening and reading letters, and replacing them again quite systematically.

Among other things, he came across four bright sovereigns, wrapped up in a piece of paper. These he took out and weighed in his hand. He turned them over two or three times and made at last as though he would put them away in his waistcoat pocket. But he stopped suddenly with his hand an inch off that receptacle

"No," he said, "not at all. That's unworthy of you, Jack. I'm hanged if I'm not ashamed of such conduct."

Thus speaking, he restored the gold to its resting place with a gentle sigh, and shut up the desk. To hear him thus talking to himself, had any one been there to listen, would have been rather diverting. It seemed as though some one else had been acting badly, and it was some one else he was ashamed of.

"It's spoiling a ship for a halfpenny worth of tar, that is," he said. "It's not what I should have fancied a gentleman of your rank and breeding would have condescended to stoop to. It's very well for your low, bungling, shop lifting cads, they know no better; but a professor of the high art! Damme, O, really—damme!"

When he had finished his examination of the desk he rang the bell again to inquire about his bed room. It had been agreed by this time where he was to be put.

"Light me a fire," he said, "it is a damplish evening; and bring me up a snack of something on a tray—some sherry, and, by the way, the materials for grog, and the kettle, so that I can see the water is hot."

He was not the least bit bashful, and gave his orders exactly as though he had been at a hotel, and his pockets crammed with guineas.

"I wonder how long he's going to stop?" the footman said to the cook

"A month, mayhap."

"Lor' now, there's no saying."

There was no saying. The stranger, had he been asked, could hardly have told himself. When he was seated comfortably in his bed room, with a steaming glass of grog before him, he thus reflected:—

"You're ten to one, Mr. Jack, dropped into a tidy sort of nest this journey. The old cock bird, it strikes me, is jolly well off, and he has asked you home to stop a day or two. Now, Jack, when you get your nose inside a place you generally manage to stick there, don't you? Am I wrong?"

It seemed that by his expression he found he was right, and with a smile drank his own health.

Then a shade came across his brow.

"The only disagreeable point," said he, after a pause, "is, that the lady of the house don't like you, Jack. No, she don't like you not a little bit. And why? That's the rub. She don't like you, that's certain, or she'd be more civil; and it's equally certain she must have a reason for disliking you, but how on earth that's to be got at is more than I can tell."

He thought this matter over a good deal that night before he went to sleep, without coming to any definite conclusion on the subject. When he did sleep, he slept tranquil, dreaming of no danger. Had he but known who was so near him, and that white hand was ready to strike!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GATHERING OF A STORM

"We often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
Is hushed as death."

Mrs. Bagshaw's first waking thought next morning was—

"How shall I get rid of this man?"

The problem occupied her an hour or more, and when she had risen, dressed herself, and had breakfasted, the solution was yet as far off as ever.

"If I could only face him it would be easy enough. But he must not see me; that would ruin all. And yet, how is it to be avoided?"

Whilst she was yet pondering, an event occurred which took her attention off the subject for a while. This was a servant bringing in the name of a gentleman who wished to speak to her—Mr. Wagstaffe.

"I am engaged."

The minister sent up to ask when it would be convenient for him to call again.

"O, I had better see him, I suppose. Say I will be down in a moment."

The visitor had not come down yet. He had said he was indisposed, and would have breakfast up stairs. She gave orders that Mr. Wagstaffe should be shown into the library, and that the stranger should not be allowed to come in while he was there; also that she should be informed directly the stranger came down.

Mr. Wagstaffe was sitting on the extreme edge of a chair, underneath which his hat was put away as though he were ashamed of it. In a corner by the door was reared up a faded green cotton umbrella, also his property. As she entered he rose, and greeted her with a greasy smile.

"Good morning, madam," he said. "Excuse the liberty I have taken in calling on you."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Wagstaffe?" she asked coldly.

The reverend gentleman was rather dispirited by this reception, but he plucked up courage.

"Our church, madam, is very poor. The subscriptions lately have been very much below the average since Mr. Bagshaw ceased to attend; we have been gradually decreasing in number, for some reason. I had hoped that you, madam, would not have left us."

Mrs. Bagshaw smiled faintly.

"We are so far away," she said; "and I have been indisposed lately."

"I hope you will have better health, madam; then we may hope to see you again. In the meantime, might I venture to hope that you will head this subscription for repairing the chapel?"

"Mr. Bagshaw, as you have doubtless heard, is at this moment lying dangerously ill. I will speak to him as soon as he recovers. I cannot act in the matter without him."

"No, madam; no, certainly."

He took up his hat and moved towards the door, then turned with a sort of desperation.

"There is really so little encouragement," he said in a complaining tone; "the money collected in the chapel is so small. For my part I do not complain; God knows I have cause to complain. It is a hard life, madam; sometimes I have scarcely the bare necessities, and I give up a great deal for the sake of my faith. But it was always thus. I have brought riches and rank to others, and they have turned away and forgotten my humble help."

The lady looked at him curiously during this rigmarole.

"If I understand you rightly, you allude to me?"

"I—I did mean you; I—I no not think it quite fair."

"Do not think what quite fair? Please be a little more explicit; we must have no mistakes here."

"Well, do you forget your promises, then?"

"Promises!"

"Come, this is rather too much!" he cried out, in quite an altered tone. "You cannot deny that you did promise—or as good as promised—that I should not be forgotten, if it ended satisfactorily? Several times you said so; you won't deny it?"

"You are much mistaken; I shall deny what I think fit. But what do you mean by the 'ending satisfactorily?'"

"O, you know what I mean well enough. What's the good of all this beating about the bush? I have been waiting all this time for you to redeem your promise, but you have shown no sign; and I see now—I'm not blind—I see now that I might wait till doomsday. But I give you warning—mind, now, I give you warning."

"Give me warning!" she laughed contemptuously; "warning of what? I was engaged when you came in, Mr. Wagstaffe; you will excuse me, I hope, if I leave you; I must go back now."

"Don't leave me like that, Mrs. Bagshaw!" he cried in a rage. "You—you had better not make an enemy of me."

"An enemy! Better not! What does all this nonsense mean?"

"You will find out soon enough, madame. Ah, you may laugh, but I knew a little more of you than you fancy. I've been making inquiries; I know more than you would like known."

She turned upon him savagely, and he cowered beneath her in the light of her flashing eyes.

"Good morning to you," she said.

He crept towards the door, and scowled at her ferociously as he took up his umbrella.

"Good-by, Mrs.—a—Bagshaw," he said, with emphasis upon the name. "*Good-by for the present.*"

Then he crawled out, looking very venomous. When he was gone a grey shade came across the lady's face, and the lines about her mouth seemed to harden.

"What does he mean? Does he know anything? Pooh! nonsense."

And she tried to dismiss the subject lightly. But several times throughout the day the same thoughtful and weary expression came upon her. Presently she had another cause for anxiety. When she was on her way up stairs she met the doctor coming down. He had been sent for to the hotel, and had come with alacrity. He bowed stiffly when he saw her.

"Ah, doctor!" she said, "we could not get on without you—but it was very, very kind of you to come, after what passed. I misunderstood my husband's wish."

The doctor, however, looked a little incredulous, and bowed his head gravely. Mrs. Bagshaw swept past him without trying to make any further explanation. Things were not going well with her, and she flung herself in a pet upon the sofa in her dressing room, and tapped the floor impatiently with her foot.

"About such trifles, too! that is the provoking part of it. But it shall end soon, that I'm determined of."

The lady's maid came up before the lady had been alone a quarter of an hour to say that a gentleman down stairs wanted to speak to her.

"Another gentleman!"

"A gentleman of the name of Diggs."

She rose to her feet with a start.

"I will come down," she said, and when the servant was gone she paced to and fro in great agitation.

"What does *he* want? Why are they all hunting me down in this way? What would they have?"

But when she came down stairs after a brief lapse of time, she was as calm and collected as usual. Mr. Diggs was waiting for her in the library. He was rather shabby in his attire, as it was his wont to be, and his white hair looked ragged and uncared for; but yet he seemed to have made certain efforts at "titivation," and indeed had gone to the length of a clean collar.

"Aha!" he cried, rubbing his hands and chuckling, "how blooming we look! how fresh and sparkling! The country air has done wonders; and what a fine place we've got down here!"

"What has brought you all this way, Mr. Diggs?"

"You have. No one else, I assure you. Not having heard from you for some time, and feeling anxious——"

"Hearing from me? I wrote to tell you I was married. I have had no news since."

"No, no; to be sure. You see I've left it some time before I came to bother you."

"Well, what may you want of me now?"

"There's only two things in this world men do want, and they are love making and money; at any rate it's the only two things they take much trouble to get, and, by Jove! they'd sell their souls sometimes for a woman or a money-bag. You know I always have docked on you, but this time it is a pecuniary motive that has prompted my visit."

She sat silently waiting for him to explain himself, without making any rejoinder.

"You recollect no doubt that extremely pleasant little dinner we had together *tete-a-tete* before the happy event came off. Do you?

"Yes, of course I recollect our dining together."

"Then perhaps you remember a little arrangement we made?"

"What was that?"

"We talked, you may perhaps recollect, of a certain share in the profits of this little matrimonial spec, which were to come to a certain gentleman to repay him for his kindness in introducing a certain lady to the nabob."

"You said, Diggs, that you could pay yourself. What makes you come to me now?"

"When I said that I know I entered into no explanation, but my meaning was this: I knew if you married him that I could oblige you to pay me to keep silent."

"To keep silent about what?"

"Your past life, that's all," replied the other grimly. "You're not foolish, Esther, not at all; and I generally know where I am to a week or two. I knew you would like the money, and I wanted to do you a good turn. I knew, too, when you were established here, all nice, and quiet, and respectable, you wouldn't like any disreputable old scoundrel turning up to make a row about the premises. It would be well worth your while, I knew, to keep that old party quiet."

"But perhaps you will inform me how I am to get you the money you require. To begin with, how much may you want? Two or three thousand?"

"I won't be unreasonable."

"That's considerate of you. And now about the means of getting it. Shall I steal my husband's check book and forge his name?"

"You'd do as much, I dare say, at a pinch; but I didn't come here to talk nonsense. I want a hundred within the next ten days. As to the means of getting it, I must leave that to you."

"It is impossible."

"Impossible? nonsense! I know you well enough, Esther, to know you haven't got such a word in your vocabulary."

"I tell you I cannot do what you wish."

"And I tell you that within the time I have mentioned I must have the money; therefore send it to me, there's a good girl, and don't let's have anything unpleasant."

She turned upon him with flashing eyes, and in her wrath looked very beautiful—something like an avenging fury.

"What has come to all of you?" she asked. "Is it a plot, a conspiracy? Do you want to eat me alive?"

Diggs stared at her in amazement.

"What are you talking about?" he said. "Who do you call 'all of you?'"

"I had that preaching fellow here this morning—that Wagstaffe that you know of. He, too, was threatening me."

"Threatening you! What about?"

"He was on exactly the same tack as yourself. If I did not give him some money directly I was to be exposed and ruined."

"He said that, did he?"

"Yes. What is the good of my paying you off if I don't keep him quiet?"

"Never you mind him, Esther. You give me the money I asked you for and I promise you he shall be muzzled."

"I'm not too sure of that. Besides if he is settled, there is another. O, you are all very hungry, it seems. It will be the old story of killing the goose for the sake of the eggs."

"Who is this other, then?"

At that moment a shadow crossed between them and the light. It was a tall, dark gentleman, who was strolling along the garden-path smoking a cigar. Esther caught Mr. Diggs by the wrist and led him forward; then pointed.

"That's he," she said.

Had the dark gentleman been a ghost, Mr. Diggs could not have looked more startled. He fairly gasped again. But after a moment he said in a savage tone:—

"This must have been your doing. You brought him here."

"I brought him here?" she said, with a bitter laugh; "that is not very likely, after all his treachery—after what he has made me suffer.

"I have heard you swear, Esther, more than once that you would not have anything more to say to him. It's the way women always go on."

"I tell you I am perfectly ignorant of the cause that brought him here. Last night my husband met with an accident on the railway, and this man came home with him. I wanted to get rid of him, but Bagshaw insisted on his stopping. I have no idea why."

"What did he say to you?"

"My husband?"

"No, that man."

"I have kept out of the way, and as yet he has not seen me."

"Perhaps after all he may not know that you are Bagshaw's wife—mayn't even dream that you are in the house."

"On the other hand, he may know all, and already may have dropped some hints to my husband, who wishes to keep him here to learn more."

Mr. Diggs bit the ends of his rusty kid gloves and pondered. "Leave him to me," said he. "I'll have half an hour's talk with him, and let you know the result. I'll go and see him now."

With this Mr. Diggs stepped towards the door, and presently was walking softly behind the strange gentleman in the garden When Diggs was within a couple of feet of the stranger, the latter turned suddenly and faced him.

"Diggs!"

"Deverel!"

CHAPTER XIV.

ESTHER'S LOVER.

"From out the grave, perhaps, from far beyond the seas
He has come back, he has come back!"

For a moment there was a silence, during which Handsome Jack glared savagely at his old friend, and seemed under his breath to be consigning him to the very warmest latitudes.

"Who the devil," he found breath enough at last to inquire, "who the devil thought of seeing you?"

"I may say the same myself," replied Mr. Diggs. "What has brought you to these parts, Deverel, doctor?"

"Nothing that I know of, unless it was fancy. I wanted an outing, and came down to the sea-side with one of my young friends."

"You found the air of London too hot for you, I suppose. It gets so now and then, don't it?"

"If you mean that I have got into any trouble, you are very much mistaken. You ought to know by now that I manage matters a little better than that."

"Well, I must allow you do keep out of harm's way in a surprising manner, though your young friends catch it now and then rather severely. By the way, the young friend you spoke of, is he here with you?"

"No, he's at Harwich."

"And that makes me think of something else I was going to say. It surprises me that one who has found out such a very safe game as yours should ever run any risks by working on his own account. You take my advice, doctor, and stick to the schoolmaster business. Let your young gentlemen do as much thieving as they like, but you stand quietly by and take the profit without the risk."

"What are you driving at?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. Let me ask you first, how long have you known Mr. Bagshaw?"

"Since yesterday. I made his acquaintance in the train. There was an accident, you know. The old man would have been smashed to bits if I had not helped him. We had been very friendly before that, and afterwards he was naturally grateful; so he asked me to stop here with him for a day or two. They seem very comfortable quarters, and it's my intention to make myself at home. But to go back to what I said some time ago. What the devil has brought you here?"

"I'll explain that in half a dozen words: I am here professionally. There was a robbery committed in this house last night. Upon the road between this and Harwich I met the messenger sent by the lady of the house, who told me what was going on; and I was naturally anxious to earn an honest penny."

Deverel listened to this explanation with rather a pale face. He passed his hand across his mouth as though he would hide the twitching of his lips, and for a time was silent But he broke out presently:—

"I've heard nothing about a robbery. What's been stolen?"

"Some money. A desk broken open, I think."

"Why, I swear to Heaven——"

But here Deverel stopped suddenly and looked just a little bit foolish. Mr. Diggs regarded him with a grim smile.

"Hallo!" he thought to himself, "I've somehow fallen on my legs in this case. What's my friend been about, I wonder? He's been at some trick, I'll stake my existence."

Of course, however, it was altogether a random shot which had hit the mark. Mr. Diggs had no more idea that any desk had been tampered with than he had of the exact date when the world would come to an end. But he was not slow to take a hint, and he very quickly saw at what a great disadvantage he had got his friend. Without loss of time, then, he set about improving the occasion.

"You know all about it in good time, I've no doubt. Anyhow, I must do my little best to catch the thief, if he is to be caught, for I fancy a good thing's to be made of it. Of course, I must try and keep out the regular police. By the way, doctor, if they had come—eh?"

"What?"

"Wouldn't it have been—you understand—rather awkward for you to have met them here?"

"I don't know," Deverel answered absently. He was thinking to himself.

"The only fear I've got," continued Diggs, "is that in spite of me the police will come. Mrs. Bagshaw, I am told, sent two messengers—the one I met and another. Hallo, look there!"

He pointed, as he spoke, to an avenue leading from the lodge up to the house. Deverel looked in the same direction and gave a violent start. Through the trees was visible a policeman's uniform. By some wonderful chance an innocent constable turned up thus at this identical moment with a message from the railway station respecting the accident.

"They have come, then," said Diggs. "Curse them! The ground's cut from under my feet! I think I shall turn tail quietly, while there's yet time, and take myself off. They've seen us together, too."

Deverel seemed very uneasy. He took two or three rapid strides to and fro, then stopped and looked towards the house.

"You're right," he said, "if there's to be any fuss about this robbery, or whatever it is, I'd best not be found here on the spot. I've something in the house I want to take away. I'll go in now and get it."

Mr. Diggs looked after his retreating form and chuckled immensely.

"It's wonderful how easy it's done," he said. "All that's wanted is a little management—a little address and nicety of manipulation."

Smiling blandly, he advanced towards the house and again entered the library. Mrs. Bagshaw was there waiting for him.

"Well?"

"I have managed our friend," said Mr. Diggs. "He saw the point of my argument, and has taken himself off. That is to say, unless I'm very much mistaken, he will be clear of this house and grounds in rather less than five minutes."

"And how have you done this?"

"The affair was simple in the extreme," replied the old man; and then he gave her a description of what had passed. She smiled as she listened.

Meanwhile Deverel was acting as Diggs had said he would. He lost no time in gaining his bedroom, and when there stuffed into his pocket some of the contents of his little carpet bag. And he came down stairs, and casting an eager glance to the right and left, and finding the coast clear, let himself out of a side door into the garden, and slipped quietly away in the direction of the park. Diggs and Esther saw his retreating figure, and smiled in triumph. Then Diggs rose to go.

"I'll be off too. I must get back to Harwich as soon I can and perhaps I may see him on the road."

With this Mr. Diggs hurried off by the front door, and got as quickly as possible into the high road. Seeing nothing of Deverel, he hurried forward at a more rapid pace. There was a slight hill in front of him, and he thought that if he got to the top of this he would be sure to see his friend in the distance.

* * * * *

Fate willed it otherwise. Just as Deverel reached the low wire fence dividing the garden from the park, to his consternation what should he see but the policeman who had been pointed out to him coming towards him through the trees.

The fact was, the constable was simply taking a short cut to the station, but this, of course, Deverel had no notion of. Making sure that the other was acting thus for the purpose of cutting off his retreat, Handsome Jack turned tail and retreated towards the house, intending to go through and out at the front door. When he was half way across the passage the library door close to him opened suddenly and a lady came quickly out, then staggered back gasping, and clutching at the door handle, for though he had been struck into stone, rigid and motionless, Deverel stood before her. Esther and her old lover and old enemy were at length face to face. The consternation and bewilderment into which this strange meeting flung her, kept Esther for a moment spell-bound and speechless, and her guilt and confusion were but too plainly written on her quivering features. To a sharp-witted and sharp-sighted scoundrel, such as this she had now to deal with, these signs of weakness were as good as a long story would have been in the way of explanation. He saw at a glance that she and Diggs were in the plot together.

"You, then, are Mrs. Bagshaw?" he cried.

"Ye—es," she gasped out, off her guard

This was enough. A bold denial, had she had the presence of mind and hardihood to make it, would have thrown him off his guard, and ten to one he would have beaten a retreat with a renewed belief in the story that had been told him. But this one false step ruined all.

"Mrs. Bagshaw, eh?" he thought to himself; "and in consort with old Diggs. They are joining issue against me. It is all a plot."

Then he added aloud:—

"About this robbery?"

"Ye—es."

"I was half a mind to make a bolt of it, not wanting to be brought face to face with the police. But there's no occasion to do that, now you are here."

"I—I can do nothing."

"O, yes you can, Esther, and you must and will. If there's any bother, you must screen me. What's this rubbish that's lost? Dismiss the affair altogether. Come, send the police away."

She began to recover her presence of mind. With a violent effort she said:—

"You, then, are the visitor my husband asked to stop? You were in the house last night. Perhaps it was you."

"No, you're mistaken there; and if it was, what odds? You must put me right at any rate. I shall stop where I am. I shan't budge."

A savage gleam passed over the woman's face, and she ground her teeth in silent rage. But she was powerless. This strong will before now had ruled her life, and urged her to crime and misery. How could she shake herself free of him? how escape from his tyranny?

"Come in here," he said, "and let's have a quiet chat."

He opened the drawing room door as he spoke, and she followed him like a lamb. Ere that talk was ended the first hint of the coming crime had been thrown out. He had pointed out the way, and she, shuddering, had listened and turned away in horror. But he watched her with a quiet smile, for he knew she was like a child in his hands, and that he could do with her what he willed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

"Tell me, I pray, O Sage, with silver hair—
Bowed down by age, with saddened face so hoary,
Some touching tale of Glorious Deeds—of Love—
Of wandering Troubadours—of War or Glory.

Learn me some lesson that I'll ne'er forget,
In the long life that lies stretched out before me;
Some shadowy reminiscence of the past"—
And the old Minstrel spread his long arms o'er me—

"I will not tell, my child," the Sage replied—
"Of startling deeds of Wrong—of Crime and Slaughter,
But read a lesson from my varied store,
If in your trowsers you have got a quarter:

"For food, my child, has not these old lips passed
Since yesterday, upon an old man's honor!"
I gave the scrip, and then the old chap sped
On hurried feet, like shot, around the corner.

Homeward I turned, and passing, saw the Sage,
Surrounded by a beery crowd of sitters,
At an adjacent and commodious bar
Meekly partaking of his gin and bitters.

J. H. B.

EUCHRED AT LAST;
OR,
The Deacon's Last Game of Cards.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The practice of hewing down mountains, making tunnels and building bridges has shorn many a place of its glories which used at one time to be the centre of thrift and enterprise for the regions about it. This is especially the case in California, where towns and villages that were once the seats of a great mechanical and mining industry are now the mere shadows of former prosperity—presenting a picture of houses unroofed and dismantled, mills falling to decay, mines abandoned, except, perhaps, by the indefatigable Chinaman, and streets deserted of inhabitants, one solitary shambling stage being all that is necessary to the wants of those who pass that way. This was especially the case with Gougem Flat, which many recollect as one of the most stirring points in the Northern counties. Mining was exceedingly productive. The mines, in turn, attracted traders and speculators; these, in their turn, attracted the gambling fraternity, and the consequence was a great show of life and bustle. At night long lines of mules and their tinkling clink of coin might be heard in the saloons, for the blind goddess, Fortune, was there courted with an assiduity unknown in less favored localities.

In the very height and excess of these flush times there came along an old Long Islander, hailing from Cutchogue, or Patchogue, or some place with an equally euphonious appellative, and who, having graduated among the professional sports of the race course at a time when Mr. H. Woodruff was in the days of his pride and glory, thought he could put the people of Gougem through a course of professional sprouts to their own advantage and their special edification. For awhile Hamp. Chivers sustained his reputation by fleecing nearly every ambitious greenhorn that passed his way, (he kept a grocery that was not all a grocery, part thereof being fitted up as a saloon, where the Board of Green Cloth held its periodical meetings), and in matters of horseflesh was considered the leading authority.

But time brings its changes, and in the course of its revolution it settled down in Gougem that the place it proceeded entirely to revolutionize. It introduced such innovations as a church and schoolhouse and a municipal council, the placer diggings being abandoned as no longer profitable, and agriculture taking their place. Hamp, who had been one of the most profane in all the vicinity, and had accomplished his share of deviltry, all at once exhibited a radical improvement. He invested the fortune he had made in government securities and paying stocks, built a brick house to dwell in, and was elected Supervisor and a Deacon of the church. At the same time he left off smoking and chewing, joined the temperance society, and was no longer heard to swear. Several years passed thus, adding a fresh crop of grey hairs to Hamp's frosty poll, and a score of new charms to the person of his daughter Nance, who by the time she was eighteen had turned the heads of half the youths of the town. The Deacon was prudent, as became a man of his experience, and he resolved that that young lady should marry none but a man of substance and character. He accordingly fixed upon the Town Clerk as just the person to meet the emergency, and the town clerk being of a similar way of thinking, the matter was regarded as settled

"Well, what success?" asked the old man, on meeting the clerk after the communication of his wish.

"Hum!" said Mr. Testius Tarbox, curtly; "not much to brag of. The girl did nothing but laugh at me. The fact is, she is pretty and clever, and others have found that out as well as myself. I don't care a snap for most of them, but there's one that I really have a dread of, and him we must be rid of at all hazards."

The Deacon knew well that he alluded to one, Aleck Lane, a graceless rattlepate, who could out-fight, out-play and out-drink any man in the district, and who, being witty and handsome, and a prodigious sinner withal, was a favorite with all the young women who came within his ken. The Deacon dreaded him, too, for he knew more than one of his secrets. He was the best of the town officials, and it occurred to old Chivers that, with their aid, he might rid the neighborhood of its greatest torment.

There was to be a holiday to designate the close of the County Fair, and the people of Gougem were preparing to celebrate it with unusual energy. Among other things a race was to come off for the purpose of testing the blooded stock of the resident farmers and gentry. It was the first affair of the kind that had happened for years, and the ruling propensity once more overcome our friend Hamp, who was the possessor of some likely horses, and did not care that his reputation should suffer even in the matter of horseflesh. Some lady riders were also to compete for prizes, among the number being Nance.

The Deacon harnessed up his Sunday team, duly deposited his family therein, and then drove straight for the Fair grounds, cogitating deeply as he went. Mr. Tarbox was all gallantry, but Nance was in a vein of restive mood. The contest was out, when at the gate they were met by handsome Aleck, who was one of the leading spirits of the occasion, and who, stepping forward before any one could interfere, had lifted Nance gracefully from her seat, and gallantly conducted her to the bench provided for her party.

"Never mind; I have a little plot," said Hamp, with finger on nose. "I know his weaknesses. We will pretend to fall in with his views, and by the time the races are over will contrive to get him on that he will become an easy victim. In his exhilaration he will become hilarious; a potion in his liquor will induce him to kick up all manner of shines, and I will arrange that Nance shall be a witness of all. Leave it to me."

The races were speedily over, and Aleck Lane was the victor. Then came the female contest, in which Nance won the prize, for Lane had arranged that the swiftest horse should fall to her lot. More than once voice whispered insinuatingly in the Deacon's ear that "there was a match." If ever the Deacon felt like bolting an oath, it was then.

The course was surrounded by booths, in which gaming was in progress—every grade of the art, from the man with the pea and thimbles to faro itself. It was settled that the females should be driven by Tarbox to the private entrance to the hotel, the Deacon, meanwhile, engaging Aleck in conversation. The rest of the plan may be imagined.

Of course there was intense excitement, much betting and drinking, rattle, and lots of fun. Arm-in-arm with the Deacon, Aleck, apparently unsuspicious, made the circuit of the booths—his conversation constantly reverting to Nance, while the Deacon kept priming him with whiskey and watching for the favoring opportunity. Presently they approached a group who were discussing the merits of the principal female riders, several declaring loudly against the deacon's Daughter. "Clumsy," said one; "sits badly in the saddle," said another; "too dumpy to be graceful," said a third. This put the old boy upon his mettle; it was his Nance that they were talking of. Aleck took part in the dialogue, picked a quarrel with the most persistent of the wranglers, and in a trice had laid him on the ground, a sad example to unwary gossippers.

The Deacon was mollified, for he was an admirer of "science," and repeated potations, contrary to his calculation, begun to tell upon him. He embraced Aleck in a rather maudlin way, and said:—"There's my hand, Aleck; it's a good many days since it closed upon yours in friendship. You have conquered me."

"Then," said Aleck, who had been watching his opportunity, "make me happy by your consent."

"I know what's in your mind," said the Deacon, "but it won't do to yield so easily what I

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

TROTTING ON THE FASHION AND UNION COURSES, L. I.

THE MEMPHIS SPRING RACES.

Although the weather during the past week has not been uniformerly fine and favorable for trotting, yet there has been some really excellent sport witnessed. The first event was on the Union Course on Monday, April 27th, for the proprietors' purse of $100, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, for horses that had never beat 2:45. There were six entries, principally the same horses that had trotted in harness for a similar purse on this track the week before, but only two of them, J. Dugrey's b. s. Ben Wood and F. J. Nodine's unnamed brown gelding, started. The first named horse, Ben Wood, had been the winner on the previous occasion; he is a very handsome bay, with black points and long flowing mane and tail, and rising six years old. He was raised in Ticonderoga, has the Messenger blood on both sides, and is owned by a gentleman in Saratoga. The betting was even, as Nodine's gelding had seemingly recovered from the lameness that affected him the week before.

FIRST HEAT.—The stallion had the pole, and after a bad start, owing to one of the judges improperly calling the horses back after the starting judge had given the word, which lost Nodine some lengths, he led to the quarter pole in 44 seconds, five lengths in front of the gelding. The stallion made a double break on the back stretch, but lost nothing by it, as the gelding followed suit, and they passed the half mile pole in the same relative positions in 1:25. Coming up the home stretch Nodine's horse broke twice in succession, and the stallion came leisurely home a winner by a dozen lengths in 2:49.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting now became $100 to $30 on Ben Wood, and a capital start was effected. Both horses trotted evenly together around the first turn, but from this point the favorite drew gradually ahead, passing the quarter pole in 43¼ seconds, and the half in 1:26¼, four lengths ahead. Trotting steadily the rest of the distance, he came home an easy winner by thirty yards in 2:52.

THIRD HEAT.—Offers of $100 to $20 met with no takers. The gelding could not be induced to trot steadily, but broke so repeatedly that the stallion jogged home the easiest of winners by nearly a distance in 2:51. Summary:—

UNION COURSE, L. I., Monday, April 27.—Purse $100, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

J. Dugrey entered b s, Ben Wood	1	1	1
F. J. Nodine entered br g	2	2	2
J. Murphy entered g m, Lady Pendleton	dr.		
Colonel Dickie entered b m, Kitty	dr.		
W. H. Taylor entered br g, Billy	dr.		

Time.	Quarter.	Half	Mile.
First heat	0:44	1:25	2:49
Second heat	0:43½	1:26½	2:52
Third heat	0:41	1:24½	2:51

On the same day, a match of $1,000, between two horses owned by two well known sporting men, mile heats, three in five, to wagons, came off on the Fashion Course. The animals in question were the Gilman Mare, owned and driven by Tut. Duane, and the br m Lady Emma, owned and driven by William Lovell. This match was made in the Central Park between the owners when out driving, and it was stipulated that it should come off on the 25th of April. That day proving wet and unfavorable it was postponed until the 27th. The match proved a most interesting one, Lady Emma winning the first and fourth heats, and the Gilman Mare the second, third, and fifth, and consequently the race. We give the summary:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Monday, April 27.—Match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

T. Duane entered the Gilman Mare	2	1	1	2	1
Wm. Lovell entered br m, Lady Emma	1	2	2	1	2

Time, 3:06½; 3:04½; 3:12; 3:09½; 3:12.

On Tuesday, April 28th, the second of the season purses given by Mr. John Chambers, the new proprietor of the Fashion Course, was trotted for. It was a race of mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for horses that have never trotted for money. There were eleven entries for this purse of $150, and of this number six started. These were Lady Wells, Topsawyer, Frank Morgan, Maggie, Lady Drew and Daniel T. Willetts. A finer lot of fast steppers, all green before this season, was probably never seen. Lady Wells, it will be remembered, won the first of the season purses on this track the week previous, in very fine style, giving promise of much future excellence. She is sired by a son of Long Island Black Hawk, out of a mare by a son of Mambrino, consequently her breeding is unexceptionable; she belongs to Mr. William Lovell, a well known sporting man and turf speculator. Frank Morgan is a compactly built little horse, chestnut in color, possessing a good turn of speed when in condition, which he has not been this season, and is by Old Columbus, out of Boston Girl; he is owned by Mr. Fish. The pedigrees of Topsawyer and Maggie are unknown; the latter has been used as a brood mare for some years, and now comes upon the turf as a trotter. Daniel T. Willetts is a handsome dark chestnut, with four white legs and white face, sired by Daniel Webster, a son of Long Island Black Hawk, out of a half bred Arab mare, and is owned by Mr. Henry Lyons. He is only five years old, and betrayed so much nervousness and excitement that he was drawn after the first heat. Lady Drew is a beautifully shaped dark chestnut mare, by the famous Massachusetts stallion Hiram Drew, and has a fine turn of speeed, but is very unsteady and a bad breaker; she won the first and third heats, and was distanced for running in the fifth. The betting was very fluctuating, commencing in favor of Lady Wells before the start, but after Lady Drew had won the first heat, the latter sold for more than all the others combined in the pools. After Lady Wells had won the second heat she became the favorite at $100 to $30 against the field, but was again deposed after the third heat by Lady Drew, who won it, and was then backed freely against the field. The fourth heat was won by Lady Wells, and she resumed her position as favorite in the betting, which place she kept through the race.

FIRST HEAT.—Lady Wells had the outside position and Lady Drew the pole. A deal of time was wasted in scoring, but at last they got off pretty well together. Lady Wells quickly drew away, with Topsawyer second and Lady Drew next, and in this order they went to the three-quarter pole; but coming up the homestretch Lady Drew shot out, took the lead and came home a winner by two lengths in 2:39¼. Topsawyer beating Lady Wells for second place.

SECOND HEAT.—Daniel T. Willetts was withdrawn. Lady Wells took the lead at the start, trotted steadily throughout, was never passed, and won by two lengths in 2:38½; Lady Drew second.

THIRD HEAT.—Lady Drew, closely followed by Topsawyer, took the lead and maintained it throughout, her ladyship, who trotted very finely, winning by three lengths in 2:39. Topsawyer was second, Maggie third, and Lady Wells, who acted badly throughout, fourth.

FOURTH HEAT.—Topsawyer led two lengths to the quarter pole, with Lady Wells next and Lady Drew third. They kept the same positions until they passed the half mile pole, where Topsawyer broke and ran a long distance, but recovered and trotted steadily up the stretch, crossing the score two lengths before Lady Wells. The Judges gave the heat to Lady Wells on account of Topsawyer's running. Time, 2:38¾.

FIFTH HEAT.—The race was a most exciting one between Topsawyer and Lady Wells, who trotted so closely together up the stretch and across the score that the Judges gave it a "dead heat;" distanced Lady Drew, who had been unmanageable through the heat, for running, and ruled out Maggie and Frank Morgan for not having won one heat in five. Time, 2:38¼.

SIXTH HEAT.—Topsawyer quickly showed in front and led until they swung into the home stretch, when he tired and broke, and Lady Wells passing him, won by four lengths in 2:41¼. Summary:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—Tuesday, April 28, purse $150, for horses that never trotted for money, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

John Lovett entered br. m. Lady Wells	5	1	4	1	0	1
M. Rodin entered ch. g. Topsawyer	2	3	2	2	0	2
Dan Mace entered ch. g. Frank Morgan	4	4	5	3		dr.o.
Budd Noble entered b. m. Maggie	3	2	3	5		dr.o.
Ben Daniels entered ch. g. Daniel T. Willetts	6					dr.
W. Borst entered br. m. Lady Drew	1	2	1	4		dis.

Time.	Quarter	Half	Mile.
First heat	0:39½	1:18½	2:39½
Second heat	0:42	1:19¾	2:38½
Third heat	0:39	1:19	2:39
Fourth heat	0:38½	1:19	2:38¾
Fifth heat	0:41	1:20	2:39½
Sixth heat	0:40	1:20	2:41¼

THE MEMPHIS SPRING MEETING.

This meeting commenced on Tuesday, the 28th of April under very unfavorable circumstances, as the weather was wet and stormy, and the track fetlock deep in mud. We give a summary of the first two days' running:—

FIRST DAY—FIRST RACE.—Purse $200; for horses owned in Shelby County.

M. C. Costillo's b m, Agnes Donovan, 5 yrs, by Lexington, dam Little Peggy by Cripple	1	1	
Duncan & McMahon's ch m, Viola, 5 yrs, by Jack Malone, dam Second Wagner	2	2	

Time, 2:01; 2:09.

SECOND RACE.—Stake for all ages, mile heats, three in five; club to add $200.

F. Blaicke's b c, Pat Malloy, 3 yrs, by Lexington, dam Gloriana by Eclipse	1	2	2	1
E. A. Smith's g m, Nellie Gwynne, 6 yrs, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Gray Alice	2	4	1	2
Yancey & Greenfield's c g, Transit, 4 yrs, by Bleak Wind, pam Prairie Flower, Sovereign	3	1		dis.
P. Mitchell's bl h, Cleburne, 5 yrs, by Hiawatha, dam Imp. Emu	4	3		dis.
F. Blaicke's ch f, Maggie Hunter, 4 yrs, by Australian, dam Head-I-Say	pd ft			

Time, 1:59; 2:01; 2:02; 2:04; 2:06¾.

SECOND DAY—FIRST RACE.—Association purse $250, mile heats for three year olds; entrance $15, p. p. to go to the second horse.

E. A. Smith's ch f, Ontario, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster	1	1	
M. C. Costillo's b c, Sea Gull, by Bill Cheatham, dam by Childe Harold	2	2	

Time, 2:09¾; 1:12.

SECOND RACE.—Association purse $350; two mile heats, for all ages.

E. Warwick's b h, Joe E. Johnson	1	1
W. Brady's ch c, Veto	3	2
Yancey & Greenfield's b f, Thela	2	dis

Time, 4:21; 4:23.

REVIVAL OF THE PATERSON RACES.

The Paterson, N. J., Race Meetings, are about to be revived on a fresh basis. The trustees of the late association having been empowered by the stockholders to sell or lease the track, last week, at a meeting held in Paterson, accepted the offer of Messrs. Hinchman, Hopper and Underwood, to lease the track for five years from the 1st inst. The new lessees contemplate holding their first regular meeting in the fall, as it is now too late for a Spring Meeting, and purpose making great alterations and improvements on the course. An inside track for trotting solely, is to be made, and the central enclosure reserved for base ball and cricket clubs, a desideratum long wanted at Paterson. The officials of the late association have promised their hearty aid and co-operation to the new lessees, and the late secretary, Mr. R. B. Chiswell, has volunteered his valuable services in his former capacity. Dr. Underwood, the popular and well known pool seller, will have the management, and his great experience in turf matters, industry and business enterprise, will doubtless meet with the same success which attended his efforts to revive racing in Cincinnati, and which resulted in the organization of the present prosperous and influential Buckeye Racing Association. The terms of the leare are to pay $2,500 down, a yearly rent of $400, and keep up the insurance on the buildings. The charter of the late association has also been transferred to the new lessees. The personal stock on hand, consisting of mules, ploughs, harrows, rollers, etc., used in keeping the track in order, will be sold by auction on the 7th inst., on the course.

OPENING DAY AT RIVERSIDE PARK.—For the first time this year, the above named well conducted trotting park, located near Boston, Mass., was thrown open to the public, and the announcement of a handicap race proved sufficient attraction to gather together a very good attendance of the lady and gentleman admirers of this species of sport resident in the Hub and vicinity. Three horses were entered for the event, viz:—McClellan, whose owner, Mr. Champlin, drove to wagon; Sorrell Dan, driven by H. Brock, to harness; and John Stewart, who went under saddle, William Woodruff acting as pilot in the first two heats, and young Hiram Woodruff in the third. McClellan, by Woodruff, by Hambletonian, was cleverly in three straight heats. We append a summary:—

RIVERSIDE PARK, BOSTON, Mass, April 23.—Handicap race.

R. Champlin named bk g, McClellan (to wagon)	1	1	1
W. Woodruff named b s, John Stewart (to saddle)	2	3	2
H. Brock named s g, Sorrell Dan (to harness)	3	2	3

Time, 2:29½; 2:28½; 2:26¼.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN RACE HORSE.—The horse Leatherlungs, well known on the turf in this city while he was the property of Dr. Weldon, proved that he bore a misnomer by dying in the East a few days ago by lung fever. He will be remembered as an animal of great endurance, and an excellent "stayer," who could come in well in a race of any distance. He lacked speed, however, and consequently was victor in very few of the many races in which he has figured in St. Louis and on other Western courses duing the last three years. He was owned by Captain Elwees at the time of his demise, and was of aristocratic lineage, being by Lexington, out of Gossamer, by Glencoe.

TROTTING MATCH BETWEEN STALLIONS.—A match for $1,000 a side, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, has been arranged between Mr. John Briggs' five year old black stallion, Young Fillingham, by George Wilkes, out of the Morrell mare, Soto, and Mr. William Turnbull's bay stallion, Willie Schepps, by Hambletonian, also five years old, to trot on the Fashion Course, L. I., on the 6th of July. Young Fillingham has never trotted before, but is spoken highly of as a very promising horse, while his opponent has trotted once and successfully in a sweepstakes race for four year olds, last season, on the Fashion Course.

HORSE FAIRS IN RUSSIA.—According to official returns, there are held in Russia four hundred and fifty-eight horse fairs in two hundred and forty places, mostly in the provinces of Tchernigof, Kharkof, Poltowa, Poula, Livonia, Kowno, and in the territories of the Cossacks of the Don. The number of animals brought to those markets in 1867 was two hundred and sixty-one thousand.

FOX HUNTING ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

MISS HOSMER vs. THE MASTER OF THE HOUNDS.

The extensive area of uninhabited and almost unbroken country surrounding the Eternal City, and known as the Roman Campagna, has, during the past few years, been the scene of frequent indulgence in the exciting sport of fox hunting by wealthy and distinguished residents of the City of the See, and visitors thereto. The introduction of the pastime is mainly attributable to the exertions and enthusiasm of the celebrated sculptress, Miss Hosmer, who unites to her talent as a manipulator of the chisel, a passion for equestrian exercise, and is reputed to be a dashing, fearless rider. She was the leading spirit in the formation of the first pack of hounds, to which additions were frequently made, and the association of hunters finally became an extensive one. In contributing to its support the Americans have exceeded those of other nationalities in liberality, but notwithstanding this fact, and the knowledge that to the efforts of a lady representative of the Stars and Stripes its existence is principally due, they, being in the minority, have been persistently denied their first rights, which has elicited the subjoined spirited letter from Miss Hosmer, to which we call the attention of all contemplating a visit to Rome, who will probably be requested to subscribe to the object:—

"Miss Hosmer presents her compliments to the Master of the Roman Hounds, and to avoid further misunderstanding in the matter under discussion, will take the liberty of explaining why she has withdrawn from the Society, and why she, in common with several of her countrymen, is dissatisfied with the administration of its affairs. It will be in the recollection of many now in Rome, although the circumstance may have lately escaped the memory of the Master of the Hounds, that the present pack had its origin in a smaller pack, established about six years ago. That pack was established by the efforts, and at the expense, of three individuals. Miss Hosmer, being one of the three, contributed, as her share, the sum of fifty pounds, and the services of a Huntsman, whom she mounted at her own expense. This, Miss Hosmer repeats, was the origin of the present pack, and she would have imagined, although she is aware that the observation might proceed more gracefully from any other person than herself, that this circumstance alone might have secured to her a certain degree of courtesy from the acting members of the society. That courtesy, however, has never been conspicuous, as, during the four years she has hunted with the pack, the brush has never, upon any occasion, been presented to her. Whatever her feelings may have been, however, Miss Hosmer has carefully abstained, until now, from expressing any opinion upon, or making any allusion whatever to the subject, partly because she did not care to raise a personal discussion, and partly because a courtesy is of little value when not spontaneous. There have been others, however, more punctilious in enforcing their claims than Miss Hosmer; and the two most serious discussions which have occurred in the hunting field arose when two American gentlemen, on different occasions, asserted their right to the brush, which they had fairly won by their bold and excellent riding. It is not to be supposed that the value of the brush justifies a moment's discussion; but it involves the question whether the American members of the society can permit their presence to be utterly ignored in the hunting field, while the merits of the Italian members never fail of instant recognition. That question has now assumed a serious aspect, and has become one in which the American Consul himself is personally interested. If Miss Hosmer felt that she was entitled to any consideration from the Master of the Hounds, the American Consul might, very properly, have claimed much more. Of whatever importance her services to the society may have been, they were, at best, but indirect; but the American Consul had been one of its most zealous and active members, causing many of his countrymen to present, for its benefit, very substantial tokens of regard, and it is in support of his energetic protest against the continued and systematic injustice practised towards his countrymen, that Miss Hosmer has ventured to make known the degree of courtesy which has been extended to her, in the hunting field, since the establishment of the present pack. The American residents in Rome who hunt are in the minority, and their protests are usually disregarded; but the funds of the society are very considerably augmented each year by American visitors, who have hitherto subscribed very liberally in aid of the sport. Americans are so entirely unaccustomed to the idea that they are tolerated solely for any pecuniary service it may be in their power to render, that it has required a period of no less than four years to force that conviction upon them. The fact, however, having been established, at least within the jurisdiction of the Master of the Roman Hounds, Miss Hosmer thinks it but just that her countrymen, particularly those who contemplate a visit to Rome, should be acquainted with the conditions upon which their presence in the field will prove acceptable, and she, therefore, begs to inform the Master of the Hounds that she will forward this letter for immediate publication in the American journals.

"26 QUATARO FONTANE, March 24."

THE ENGLISH TURF.

THE NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING—THE RESULTS OF THE TWO THOUSAND AND ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS RACES—THE LATEST BETTING ON THE CHESTER CUP AND DERBY.

Although the simple results of the principal events at the Craven Meeting at Newmarket were given by cable telegraph, and published in the CLIPPER of the 25th ult., yet they were so incorrectly and erroneously reported, as we find from our recently arrived files of English sporting journals, that we now give them in detail. The cable represented The Earl and Blue Gown running a dead heat for the Biennial Stakes, and Montagnard and Blueskin also making a dead heat for the Newmarket Handicap, whereas The Earl won the former and the French horse the latter race. The meeting commenced with the Craven Stakes, and the sharp practices of the turf were finely illustrated in connection with this race. There were three horses entered—Capt. Machell's Knight of the Garter, Mr. Savile's Suffolk, by Voyager—filly, Lady Coventry, and Mr. Savile's sister to Maid Marian. Almost as soon as the numbers of the runners were hoisted Capt. Machell and Mat Dawson entered into a "little arrangement" to fleece the betting men. They "tossed" in the town which of the two should run, and the Captain won, but Dawson, under the impression that he, having lost the toss, was to run Lady Coventry, caused her to be weighed for, while Captain Machell was under the contrary impression, that he, having won the toss, ought to run his horse, ordered his number to be put up as a starter. The betting in the meantime was 6 to 4 on the Knight of the Garter, who appeared to have the race at his mercy, and at the same time there was a strong commission to back Lady Coventry, against whom the leviathan bookmaker, Mr. Steel, of Sheffield—a whiom fish dealer, but now an enormously rich betting man—laid in one bet £300 to £250, and 6 to 5 was eagerly taken about her by those who knew that the Knight was not going to start. This sudden demonstration was explained when the number of Knight of the Garter was taken down and the race reduced to a match. It was then any odds on the third in the Middle Park Plate, Lady Coventry, and an occasional 15 to 1 was laid, but there was really no betting. The bookmakers who had laid against Lady Coventry when they thought she had Knight of the Garter to beat were of course awfully savage, and Mr. Steel, who had laid the biggest bet, at once represented the hardship such a proceeding imposed upon him. Admiral Rous, Mr. Saville, and Lord Westmorland were appealed to, and it was suggested that Mr. Savile should withdraw Sister to Maid Marian, who had by this time almost reached the post. The owner stated that if he were to bring the filly back after her number had been hoisted he would be liable to a fine of £50, which Mr. Steel offered to pay. Mr. Savile had not backed the filly, and Jemmy Grimshaw was at once sent to the post to tell Hammond not to run, but before he got half way the pair were started, and, as anticipated, Lady Coventry won in a canter. The affair gave rise to a lot of angry expressions, and was the theme of general discussion. The second race was a Free Handicap Sweepstakes, which was won by the Duke of Newcastle's 4 year old Silenus, beating five others very cleverly. His victory gave the backers of Speculum and Puff Suburban, and had also been the trial horse for The Earl, whose friends were now sanguine of his winning the Biennial Stakes. A match between Admiral Rou's b. c. Puff, carrying 100lbs. and Lord Glasgow's b. f. Retty, carrying 119lts. (for the eccentric nobleman would insist on giving 19lbs. to his clever matchmaking antagonist,) resulted as was expected in the victory of the former. A sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for three year olds, was interesting for bringing out Baron Rothschild's Derby horse Restitution, upon whom odds of 9 to 4 was betted against his only opponent, Mr. Crawford's br. c. Moslem, the recently named brother to Knight of the Crescent, who had beaten Blueskin (the Metropolitan winner) at Croxton Park, and even a good third to Ironmaster for the Spencer Plate at Northampton. To the dismay of the backers of the favorite, Moslem won easily by a length. Before the race Restitution was backed at 15 to 1 for the 2,000 guineas; afterwards 50 to 1 was offered without takers. We may here remark *en parenthèse* that the turf editor of one of the leading London sporting journals, in commenting on the race, says that "a well-known operator took 2,500 to 100 twice, with a stipulation for a start, about Moslem for the Two Thousand, which I consider £200 in the pocket of the layer of the odds. Considering that Moslem ran a dead heat for the race in question and subsequently walked over for the divided stakes, the prophecy of the writer in question was not a lucky one. Lord Vivian's b. g. Dick Turpin won a handicap sweepstakes, beating eleven others; Mr. Chaplin's Adamanthen a handicap plate in a field of seventeen starters; and Mr. Price's Carter a plate of 50 sovs., beating eleven others, (among them Hatchment, a half sister to Lord Lyon and Achievement, who started first favorite) which finished the first day's sport.

On the second day of the meeting, Mr. Merry's The Parson commenced by winning a 100 sovs. sweepstakes from Churnwood, Courtmouth and The Spy. Then came the Newmarket Biennial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 100 sovs. added, 72 subscribers, for which eleven started, comprising The Marquis of Hastings's The Earl; Sir Joseph Hawley's Blue Gown; Baron Rothschild's Suffolk, The Parson, &c. The betting was 2 to 1 against The Earl; 7 to 2 against Suffolk; 4 to 1 against The Parson. The race was run at a tremendous pace right through. The Frenchman ran forward for a time, and on reaching the Abingdon Mile Bottom, Suffolk, who showed rather prominently for a brief space, was "dead settled," only The Earl and Blue Gown—who had been lying somewhat out of his ground and seemingly pulling double—were virtually left in the race. The issue was in point of fact now reduced to a match, Fordham sending The Earl along in a rattling style, and when Wells called upon his horse at the contest became very exciting, but Blue Gown never got upon equal terms with the favorite, and was defeated by a neck, Suffolk, who ran like a non-stayer, being a bad third. Both The Earl and Blue Gown ran with great gameness, and The Earl appeared able to run on, although he was much spurred on both sides, whilst Blue Gown was but slightly pricked on his off side. Wells, who had been wasting to ride Sir Joseph's horse, and had in doing so walked about sixty miles the previous week, weighed only 8st 6lb. Wells obeyed implicitly the orders of Sir Joseph Hawley, which were, it is understood, to lay off, and the jockey considers that had he come through, The Earl would have been defeated. Sir Joseph was highly pleased with the manner in which Wells rode, but, it is said, was so persuaded that the orders given were not the best, that his jockey will be permitted to use his own discretion when he rides Rosicrucian in the Two Thousand Guineas.

The Marquis of Hastings was not present on the Heath to see the Earl achieve his gallant victory, although in the town. It appears that he had received an intimation from a leading bookmaker, that unless he was prepared to settle his outstanding account (which was over £10,000) he would be ordered before the Jockey Club with a view of being turned off the Heath as a defaulter. Notwithstanding the heavy liabilities of the Marquis, it is confidently stated that should his filly Lady Elizabeth win the Derby, he will be able to pay all his liabetedness. The value of the Biennial Stakes won by the earl was £4,930. A two year old plate was won by Lord Westmoreland's Cocoa Nut, two year old plate was won by Lord Westmoreland's Cocoa Nut, by Nutbourne, beating fifteen competitors. The Newmarket Handicap was won by Count Lagrange's b. c. Montagnard, 4 yrs., beating Blueskin by a neck, and twelve others. In the betting the repeated outlays upon Montagnard brought him up to the head of the list, the French colt leaving off favorite at 4 to 1. The Manœuvre filly was the next in demand at 9 to 2, 5 to 1 being laid against Blueskin, and a point more against Slasher. From the site of the old Duke's Stand to the commencement of the Stand enclosure Blueskin held the lead, but the latter horse, carrying 7lbs. more than he did in the Great Metropolitan, and was meeting Blueskin at a difference of 9lb in his favor, which enabled him to turn the tables on his former conqueror. Count Lagrange, who only bets on handicaps to limited sums, had only ten pounds on Montagnard, but the supporters of the French stable won three thousand pounds.

On the third day, Lord Westmoreland's speedy filly, Cocoanut, repeated his previous day's victory by winning a plate of 100 sovs. for two year olds, from a field of ten opponents. Phœbus, the appropriately named son of Thormanby and Sunbeam, belonging to Mr. Merry, won the Column Stakes; Vespasian, the Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; and Mr. George Bryan's Lancret the Subscription Plate, beating Suffolk, Bismarck and two others in a canter. On the fourth day some sensational racing was witnessed. The first event was the Ninth Newmarket Biennial Stakes, for four year old colts, over 2 miles and 205 yards; 73 subscribers at 10 sovs. each, and 100 sovs. added. The runners were Julius (the Cesarewitch winner), Hermit (the Derby winner), Ramola and Cathleen. The betting was 11 to 10 on Julius; 6 to 5 against Hermit, and 50 to 1 against the others. Hermit carried a 7lb penalty for winning the Derby. Julius, who made all the running in a true run race, won cleverly at the finish by half a length, Hermit, upon whom it looked good odds on entering the corls, tiring under the extra weight. The pair, it will be remembered, are matched in the Two Thousand week over the Two Middle Miles, Julius conceding 1lb, and in the heat of the moment some animated speculation took place at evens. This exciting event was followed by the "time-honored" Claret Stakes, which produced three runners, 4 to 1 being laid on Fripponnier, while 10 to 1 went begging against his stable companion, the colt by Y. Melbourne, dam by Teddington, out of Maid of Masham, the bookmakers relying upon Dragon, who had been doing strong work from the commencement of the season. Nevertheless the chesnut pulled over his opponents to within a quarter of a mile from home, when the hill, so fatal to him at Ascot, began to tell a tale, and Fordham, who had been riding Lord Glasgow's horse within himself, sending him out below the distance, Fripennier "went all to pieces," and, in a scene of tremendous excitement, he was beaten easily by three-quarters of a length. Loud cheering was raised for the northern Earl, who effected a similar coup four years since, when Fordham landed his red sleeved jacket before Lord Cliffden on Rapid Rhone. The winner, who ran in the Two Thousand and St. Leger last year, is a big, lengthy, true-shaped animal. Lord Glasgow did not back his animal for a shilling, and felt quite annoyed when a well known bookmaker offered to lay him slight odds that Dragon beat his colt in their places. The only person who won by the success of the Maid of Masham colt, was Mr. John Denman, who, strictly following out his combination system, backed Fordham to win £1,000, and, in the course of executing the commission he was repeatedly laughed at, but, adhering to his principle, landed the "Combination" triumphantly. The value of the stake was 1,400 sovs. A sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, was won by Sir R. Bulkely's br c, Sir David Gam, by Underhand, out of Tasmania, beating Herald and Phœbus, and Mr. Chaplin's small but speedy Sister to Hermit, won the Abingdon Stakes with the greatest ease. The Duke of Newcastle's Speculum beat Lord Glasgow's filly by Knowsley for the sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, but the victory was so slovenly accomplished that he receded to 13 to 1 for the Derby, but these odds were freely taken. On the fifth day, Mr. Clayton's Lymington (late Boreus) by Wild Dayrell won the handicap plate, beating a field of fifteen horses, and Mr. Chaplin's Blinkhoolie, with the odds of 2 to 1 on him, won the Queen's Plate, over 3½ miles, from six opponents in a canter. A two year old sweepstakes was won by Count Bathyany's Little Lord by St. Albans from a field of eight starters; Cater repeated his victory the day before in the 50 sovs. plate over seven runners; Phœbus won the Bennington Stakes for three year olds, and Lord Glasgow's br c by Tom Bowline upset the odds of 5 to 2 laid on his solitary opponent, Baron Rothschild's King Alfred by winning by half a length. Julius watched over for the Port Stakes, and thus race closed the sport of the Newmarket Craven Meeting.

THE NOBLE GAME REVIEWED.

The Billiards of the Past and of the Present.

The American Game.—No. 1.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Having given the origin of billiards, and chronicled its progress in England and France, we come naturally, and at the same time in fulfilment of a promise made at the outset, to a consideration of the leading events connected with the game in America.

Nowhere is billiards more popular than in this country, nowhere is it the chosen pastime of a greater number of men of taste and intelligence. There are, it is true, more billiard tables in France; but it should be borne in mind that in that country the tables are, comparatively speaking, the accumulation of centuries, while in this the game is scarcely eighty years old. To illustrate more clearly the interval between the introduction of billiards in France and its introduction here, let us consider the number of tables in the chief city of either country about the commencement of the present century. In Paris, in the year 1812, there were more than eighteen hundred tables; the city of New York, at the same period, held not more than twenty. In 1808 there were but eight in New York, and no other American city had more.

THE FIRST BILLIARD TABLE IN NEW YORK.

It would seem that the game was played by the Puritans and Cavaliers before it was much known in this city. It was the occasional amusement of Washington and Adams, and of Lafayette while in the guest of Gouverneur Morris. Though there was a table here and there at the South, during the close of the last century, until 1800 there was none in this city, which now boasts of its thousands upon thousands. There are men among us, full of years and honors, who can call to mind the first billiard table ever put up in this city It was an imported table, and Old Israel Lewis, who was a carpenter, and the only man on the Island of Manhattan who knew how to join the different parts of a billiard table, put it up. An Irishman named Connolly owned it, and it stood in a house on Whitehall Dock. A rude, ill-shaped thing, this table was; yet good enough for the age which conceived and built it.

THE FIRST PUBLIC BILLIARD ROOM.

Although the house at Whitehall was a public one, the room in which the table stood could scarcely be considered a public billiard room, any more than it would be proper to regard as billiard rooms the bier saloons of the present time, in which the billiard table is kept mainly as an accessory. The first house in Gotham that could be called a public billiard room was located on the west side of Nassau street, between Maiden Lane and John street. Old Crowley, the tinman, owned the house, and it room. It was opened in 1808, and had four tables, the billiard

Besides the five tables already spoken of, there were at that time one in Slute Lane, near Beaver street; one in Water street, near Maiden Lane, and one at 22 Nassau street, near Liberty. No. 22 Nassau was then the residence of the father of William Lake, the celebrated mace-player. The table was for private use only, although it had been in public use, Meschutt having kept it in 1806 or 1807. These eight tables were the only ones in the city

UNIQUE BILLIARD TABLE.

In 1819, at a house in Pearl street, there was put up a table which had been made to order, and cost about twelve hundred dollars. Those who fancy that the tables in use at the present time are large will be surprised to hear that this twelve hundred dollar table was seven feet in width and fourteen in length. It had eight legs, and the cushions were of *stuffed hair*. A Frenchman made it, and it was looked upon as something extraordinary, as well it might have been.

THE FIRST BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTORY.

The first American billiard table manufactory was in New street, between Wall and Garden. The manufacturer's name was Sutherland. After him came the firm of Gobsel & Snooky, both Englishmen. Then came Camp, Penn, Winant, Bassford, Decker, O'Connor (the father of the present proprietor of the Union Square billiard rooms), Sharp, Griffith, and lastly Phelan & Collender.

THE FIRST CUE LEATHER.

It was not until about 1820 that cues came into general use. The mace had been almost exclusively used. Only the favored few were allowed to use the cue. The reason of this was, keepers of tables were apprehensive of damage being done to the cloth by a cue in the hands of any but a skilled player. There were no leathers on the cues, and it was not, therefore, difficult to tear the table cloth. Chalk was not in use. The cue point was flat and square, and instead of being chalked to prevent its slipping off the balls, it was *filed*. Only think of a player of the present day carrying a file with him in his pocket, and ever and anon taking it out and "chalking his cue," with it! As we have said, room-keepers in those days insisted upon players using the mace. The few who were privileged to play with the cue were charged when they were so unfortunate as to cut the cloth, at the rate of five dollars an inch.

In 1815, a Frenchman, named Corneille Avout, came to this country, bringing with him samples of a tip for billiard cues, which tip he claimed to have invented. It happened that one of the first persons to whom Avout proferred his invention, was the father of William Lake. It happened, also, that Lake's father was well up in leather, being in the boot and shoe business at 22 Nassau street. He had already come to the conclusion that, especially for billiard playing, "there is nothing like leather, except chalk, and even that is not like leather;" and so he had caused the cues in his private billiard room to be tipped with leather—not with a single layer, but with a series of layers, the same as the tips now used. Quite naturally, when Avout began to grate to Lake about having invented the cue-leather, the old gentleman grew indignant. "Call that your invention? Why, my boy, Bill, there put just such leathers on my cues eight years ago." Lake senior called upon several gentlemen present who had played billiards in his private room, to testify to the truth of his statement. Not satisfied with having thus established his position, the old gentleman sought to make it more conclusive by intimating that even if Avout had invented the cue-leather, he had no business to do it; "for," continued Lake, Sr., "my son Bill there, or me either, can beat you at billiards like breaking sticks!" But Avont did not propose to submit to any such tribunal as the billiard table his claim to be regarded as the inventor of the cue-leather. No one disputes that "Bill," as his father was wont to designate him, was the first person in America to put leathers on cues. If, however, Lake really leathered cues as early as 1808, it may be claimed that the inventor of his leather tips was not Mingot, as is commonly believed, but the father of William Lake. It was in 1815 that Mingot made his discovery. This makes him seven years behind the Lakes in introducing an appliance to which billiards is indebted for the greater portion of its charms.

The next paper will review the period which Michael Phelan, Andrew Buist, A. Higham ("Albany Pony"), Joseph White, Ralph Benjamin, George Hopkins, Dudley Kavanagh and other noted billiardists first took cue in hand.

A COMICAL JOKE.—One of the most ridiculous or ludicrous things of the times came to our ears yesterday, says the Winona, Minn., *Daily Democrat*, which is entirely too good to be suppressed, and we hope the victim of the incident will pardon us for giving our readers the benefit of the good thing. We have a miller amongst us, who is a bachelor, by the way, but nevertheless owns a good flour mill above the city a short distance, and which mill is noted for *choice* flour. Mr. Ellsworth very properly uses a brand on the barrels containing his best flour, which, when transferred to the heads of the barrels with a bright blue paint, reads "Ellsworth's Choice;" meaning, of course, his choice flour. While engaged the other day in branding some barrels, a couple of squaws belonging to the camp across the river came along and stopped to witness the operation; the nice blue paint took their eye right away, and they watched Mr. Ellsworth with much interest. Shortly, Mr. Ellsworth found it necessary to absent himself temporarily from his work, and the squaws, with the regular Indian characteristic, as lovers of paint, took advantage of his absence and went to work daubing their faces with the blue paint, and ornamenting themselves in a general way. Presently an idea struck one of the dusky maidens that it would be nice to have the same thing that was on the barrels to decorate the new white blanket she wore around her. She accordingly spread her "robe" on the ground, got the brand and the paint, and in a very short space of time she was strutting off with her face gorgeously painted up, and on her blanket, behind, the two words, in large, bright letters, "Ellsworth's Choice." She put on a heap of style about the city—as much as she has withdrawn from the Society, and why she, in common with several of her countrymen, a dissatisfied with the administration of its affairs. It will be in the recollection of many now in Rome, although the circumstance may have lately escaped the memory of the Master of the Hounds, that the present pack had its origin in a smaller pack, established about six years ago. That pack was established by the efforts, and at the expense, of three individuals. Miss Hosmer, being one of the three, contributed, as her share, the sum of fifty pounds, and the services of a Huntsman, whom she mounted at her own expense. This, Miss Hosmer repeats, was the origin of the present pack, and she would have imagined, although she is aware that the observation might proceed more gracefully from any other person than herself, that this circumstance alone might have secured to her a certain degree of courtesy from the acting members

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Billy Hart,	Lemona Sidwell,	L. F. Hicks,
Wafrin Myers,	Robert Fulford,	D. A. Keyes,
N. C. Forrester (2),	W. H Mitchell,	Mr. Merchant,
A. D. Fitch,	Tony Denier,	Sig. Capolo,
R. H. Armstrong,	H. E. Parmelee,	Thos. Warhurst (2),
Harry St. Leon,	Harry Andrews,	Barry Carter,
Frank Knight,	Low Garlord,	James M. Nixon,
Jerome Lubin,	Tom Clanson,	Sig. Marino,
Blind Tom,	J. W. Carner (2),	Tommy Haywood,
Joseph Withers,	Charles Bartine,	Charles A. Pettit,
M. L. Townsend,	Raymond Hall,	Amos Smith,
Sam Cole,	Charles Holly,	Dan Morris,
R. C. Taylor,	Lon Chapin,	F. A. W. Morey,
Frank Gerard,	G. K. Fortescue,	Low Hallett (5),
Dan Shelby,	Dick Melville,	Johnny Lawton,
Allyne (3),	Wm. T. Aymar,	Dick Sands,
John T. Raymond,	G. A. Delandori,	Sig. Paranti,
Robert Mulford,	Pete Conklin,	E. Eisman,
John S. Potter,	Harry Mortimer,	Charles B. Hicks,
Birdie Baker,	D. G. Waldron,	Geo. W. Powers,
E. T. Stetson (2),	Thomas F. Hann,	Charles Condle,
George Metkiff,	D. C. La Rue,	George Burnell,
Jean Johnson,	E. P. Kendall,	C. B. Hicks,
A. M. Hernandez,	Fred. Berger,	John S. Potter,
J. J. Showles,	Oscar M. Horton,	Charles Dickinson,
Joseph Brandini,	Frank Bennett,	Charles Correlli,
John Wilson,	John J. Rung,	F. X. Diamond,
William H. Bristol,	S. B. Everett,	Frank Dunnie,
Henry Danster (2),	Gonsalvo Bishop,	Abram Johnson,
J. Newton Gotthold,	Ossian E. Dodge,	Frank Kerns,
Julian Brelson (2),	Al. Beechey,	W. H. Peak,
Henry Marble,	Ida Morton,	Marie Zoe,
Nellie Huntley,	Nellie Edwards,	Adah Monicelain,
Ella La Rue (2),	Rosalie Somers,	Frankie McClellan,
Virginia Howard,	Carrie A. Moore,	Mlle. Louisa,
Mary Carter (2),	Maude St. Leon,	Ada Wray,
Mrs. Miles Orton,	Mollie Williams,	Edith Whiting,
Caroline Richings,	Emma Aymar,	Nellie Whitney,
	Dollie Bidwell,	

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, May 4, '68.

EARLY MAY, in the olden time, never came empty handed; in by-gone days we had the four seasons, of which Mr. Thomp son has so seasonably written; and there were flowers in those days, flowers growing in the open air, and not, as now, like our young ladies, reared in hot houses, and nurtured for the use and enjoyment of the wealthy only. Yes, we had our four seasons, instead of two, as now; and we had our "lalocks" as regularly on the 1st of May as we had our evening bash; but things have changed wonderfully—instead of "lalocks," we have snow balls; in place of white trousers and straw hats, we don overcoats and big boots; and we seem to glide, as it were, from winter into summer, and *vice versa*, back again. "We remember, we remember, the spot where we were born, in the bright May morning long ago," but enough of this; let us avoid the paths of flowery rhetoric, for as the venerable L. E. G. Gray put it, such paths lead but to the grave.....We have gained such a wide spread reputation as a funny writer, or punnist, that we have been solicited to give up the editorial chair and establish an academy in which all the branches of a comical education may be taught at reasonable rates, and, by so doing increase the number of native American jokers, and bring fatness upon the face of the land. We shall not abdicate the editorial seat, however, until such time as we find something that pays better. But we have concluded to adopt the suggestion of our numerous friends, and try the funny business in all its ramifications. To this end we invite your attention to the following:—

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE PUNMAN'S INSTITUTE,

Located in the Sixth Story of the Clipper Office (next above the shingles).

The faculty respectfully beg leave to announce that they have opened a first-class Academy for instruction in

PLAIN AND FANCY PUNMANSHIP.

The course is intended to embrace every variety of joke, from the lowest practical to the most ethereally genteel. They humbly submit that this will furnish a much needed desideratum to young ladies and gentlemen at a loss for ideas. Politicians of the dullest stripe also will have their intellects sharpened down to the keenness of razors. Each pupil, on leaving, will be furnished with a large stock of puns, warranted new, of a class suitable for *ex tempore* use. In order to keep pace with lastest fashion of American Wit, the management have engaged a Professor who does not know one letter of the Alphabet from another, to teach that *ne plus ultra* of modern humor, MISSPELLING.

A great feature of the

WIT DEPARTMENT

is its studious hostility to truth. Gentlemen desirous of entering into this fascinating study are therefore requested to leave their consciences with their spelling books—at home.

A marked feature of our school is the Department of

ELEGANT HUMOR,

where the wit is of such a delicate and subtle nature as to be utterly invisible to the naked eye. The management will explain that this humor consists in writing an article in very commonplace prose, and then dividing the verses into sections of not more than two lines, and inserting between each paragraph a poetical quotation. Each pupil desirous of entering this department will please provide himself with a "Dictionary of Poetical Quotations."

To prove that the management is justified in promising the most brilliant results, even on the dullest mind, and to exhibit the rapid improvement under their system, they append the following puns:—

"Why would looking at a young lady's moerschaum be equivalent to escorting her without accident to 'the dearest spot on earth?'"

"Because it would be seeing her sea foam (safe home.")

This is very bad for many reasons. The "point" is obscure and difficult to see. The poetical reference to home is in wretched taste, as with never like and seldom understand poetry. None but a tyro would be guilty of this. Besides, young ladies are not supposed to have meerschaums.

But suppose the beginner has a natural aptitude for punning. Then, of course, he does better. To illustrate this, we will give one lately furnished by a new pupil, who is destined to shine:—

"Why is the Reconstruction Act of Congress like a yard stick in a furnishing store?"

"Because it is a binding mer sure."

That is certainly better, but still far from perfect. It is hardly correct to style the yard stick a "binding" measure, because it is also a measure for so many other things. It is therefore, scarcely a good "Measure for Measure." (Ahem!)

Now take the same pupil after one week's instruction:—

"Why is the ventilator of a foolish tale exactly like a dandy?"

"One spreads a silly thing and the other spreads—himself!"

Comment is almost unnecessary. It will be seen that this approaches the brevity and spice of the accomplished punman.

A little more instruction will learn the pupil that "Brevity is the soul of wit." Something like the following betrays the accomplished punster:—

"What book would even a horse relish?"

"The koran."

In these patriotic days, however, it is absolutely essential for any one professing punmanship to select heroic subjects. The management beg leave to assure gentleman that this will be particularly attended to in this school. Here is an off-hand specimen:—

"Why was the gift of lands to Lafayette like our present Commander in Chief?"

"Because it was a U. S. Grant.'

Gentlemen will be particularly taught the art of getting off something good on the most commonplace subject. For instance, you go to hear Parepa. You observe that she is decidedly inclined to *embonpoint* (it would be too gross to say *fat*.) You whisper slily in the ear of your *chere amie*—"What a *great waist* of good material." Of course you are rewarded with a laugh. (This subject is strictly sub-Rosa.)

Perhaps, again, you attend Mr. Murdoch's readings. Here is a chance to show yourself. Commence by gently remarking that James is an excellent artist, for he draws so well. That is hint; follow it by the insinuation that he would make a skilful gambler—he *plays* so well. Then compare him to an occulist, because he re-*cites* so well. Finally, whisper, with a Lord Dundreary drawl, your opinion that he was intended for a gardener—he *weeds* so well!

Again, you are riding in a street car, and observe a young girl who is pretty and attracts general notice. Not unconscious of this, she may exhibit a little natural vanity. You call the attendent on your right thinks "that girl's trying to spread herself." You immortalize yourself by remarking sweetly that she has a right to spread, being quite evidently a car-pet.

The public are informed that we have on hand, for sale, a great number of puns, which we will sell low. Numbers of these have never been used, and all can be made available by a little dressing up.

NOTICE.—Any person who will send us the addresses of twelve witless young men, will be entitled to one of our circulars, and be otherwise suitably punished. 5-1t*

.....The theatre is certainly a great institution, and we do not know what an audience would do without it. Though for that matter we are at a loss to divine what the theatre would do without the audience. Not satisfied with evening performances, the public have recently taken kindly to day entertainments, no fewer than ten *matinees* having been given last Saturday, to the evident gratification of the men and women about town, whose idle moments hang heavily on their hands. Though managers view a paying *matinee* in a pleasurable light, it is not clear that the poor player sees it in a like spirit. And the patrons of these day performances have divers reasons for attending them. A few go to see the play. Many men and women go to see each other, to carry on flirtations, exchange notes, and appoint a rendezvous for a future meeting. But we will give in verse, a few of the contrary views of

THE MATINEE.

THE LADY'S VIEW: (*from her eye-glass.*)
How pleasant it is of a dull afternoon
To lounge away hours in ball or saloon,
To listen to opera, *ballet*, or play,
While our husbands and guardians are drudging away,
Drudging away, drudging away,
Oh, there's nothing so sweet as the brisk *matinee*.

THE YOUNG SPORT'S VIEW: (*through his lorgnette.*)
Of all the new fancies, there's nothing I find
Half so jolly or suited so well to my mind
As a spicy flirtation at opera or play
With the fair ones whose guardians are drudging away,
Drudging away, drudging away,
O, there's nothing so fast as the full *matinee*.

THE ACTOR'S VIEW: (*through the curtain.*)
With limbs that this morning's rehearsal made sore,
With head and back aching, I rise me once more
To go through the programme without extra pay,
And this evening again must be drudging away,
Drudging away, drudging away,
O, it's rough on us actors, this curst *matinee!*

THE MANAGER'S VIEW: (*through the box office window.*)
The house it is filling, and notes thick and fast
Are into an o'erflowing treasury cast,
By thousands to witness the latest hodge podge—
You'll acknowledge with me 'twas a capital dodge
To draw beauty and fashion to bar and pay-at—
O there's nothing that pays like a full *matinee!*

.....The play bills have been so loudly sounding the praises of Lingard, the comic vocalist, that the tune has long lingered in our ears. The Theatre Comique has done well with this star and raises him on high in the starry firmament above. Let us make a verse about

THE THEATRE COMIQUE.

We wonder if it ever can
Come down from such a freak—
That is, will it e'er be like it was,
And once more be-come meek.

.....Would not some of our managers do well by giving Weston, the pedestrian, a position as "walking gentleman?".....We heard a poor but well-meaning man in the family circle at Niblo's, the other evening, remark how he pit-ied the people in the parquet; he says he never was in such a place but once, and then it brought tears to his eyes.....Talking of tears, we met an undertaker at the San Francisco Minstrels, one evening, and he said he "was glad to see us well," but his looks belied his words. William Birch, Esq., had just gotten off a capital joke, and turning to our solemn friend—on whose face there was not the slightest shadow of levity, we said—"Are you acquainted with Billy?" "Oh, yes," replied the wretched man, "*he's one of my customers!*".....We are one circus less this week. Lent's grand establishment has vacated the structure in Fourteenth street, and the so-called European will soon pull up stakes and start for *greener* fields. Lines about it.

THE "EUROPEAN" SHOW.

This circus cannot speak the truth
By saying they carouse:
In tents; for how in tents perform
When the circus is a Howes?

.....The patrons of Booth's new theatre—now in process of erection at Sixth Avenue and 23d street will turn out capital book-keepers, because they will go through the "double entry."

.....One of the greatest successes of the times is the pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty," which is "nightly witnessed by thousands, and hundreds are turned away," etc. Curious poem in reference to

THE DANCE.

At the Olympic Theatre, you nightly have a rare chance
To gaze upon those funny things, the Foxes and the bare dance.

TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL OF EDWIN KELLY.—On Friday, April 24th, Edwin Kelly was placed at the bar of the Court of General Sessions, before Recorder Hackett, charged with the killing of Thomas Sharpe in front of the Fifth Avenue Opera House, on the afternoon of December 11th. After swearing one juror the Court was adjourned until Tuesday, April 28th, when it was resumed, the following jurors having been sworn:—John Walsh, Henry B. Caverly, Anthony Wallach, Henry C. Hart, Isaac Black, Cornelius Burns, Edward N. Tailer, Jr., William E. Burk, Robert Gregory, Lyman Taylor, Jr., Adolph Mannheimer and Clarence A. Mortimer. Mr. John Anthon, in opening the case for the prosecution, stated that the parties to the transaction were four—two brothers, Samuel Sharpe and Thomas Sharpe (now dead), and Kelly, the prisoner, and his associate, Leon. On the afternon of the 11th of December, Kelly and Leon were together at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, while the two Sharpes were also there, but in different parts of the house, and on going from the house a collision occurred between Samuel Sharpe and Kelly and Leon, the former using opprobrious language, which was followed by fighting. The result was, Thomas Sharpe was shot and killed, while Kelly was shot in the head. The first witness called was John W. Allinson, who was examined for the prosecution. He stated that when Leon came out of the theatre Sam Sharpe spoke to him (Leon) and told him he had been telling lies about him; he said to him: "You have been saying my property is all mortgaged, and you are a stinking liar;" some words then passed between the parties, in which insulting words were used by Kelly or Leon. The witness then detailed the excited conversation which took place previous to the general and exciting altercation between the parties, and which resulted in the first shooting; at the time Kelly fired the first shot Sharpe was not more than six or ten feet from him; believes that a slight pause occurred between the firing of the first and second and third shots; when Sharpe fell his body lay partly on the sidewalk and in the street; he fell at the first shot; Kelly came back about twelve feet and fired two other shots; after the second shot, perhaps the third, Sam Sharpe came up, uttered an exclamation of horror, drew his revolver and fired at Kelly; when in the act of firing again a policeman came up and knocked Sharpe's hand up. During the cross examination of Allinson by Mr. Clinton, he stated that Sam Sharpe was about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy pounds in weight. Sam Sharpe here rose up in Court and said: "I am a poor 190; not 170 yet." The Coroner was next examined, and testified to holding the inquest over the body of Sharpe. Frederick Eberlin, barkeeper at the Hoffman House, testified that, "hearing a noise in the street, he thought he saw Sam Sharpe make a blow at Leon; if he struck him I could not tell, but it seemed to me that Kelly tried to interfere to prevent him from striking Leon; he (Kelly) seemed to step between the two; at that time I saw Tom Sharpe come out of the theatre; Sam Sharpe ran after Leon across the street, the north side, right in front of the Hoffman House, and then Leon crossed over again to the same side that he came from, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Sam Sharpe after him."

Q. White Kelly was down did you see him (Kelly) kicked? A. No, but I saw Sharpe's kick at Kelly; whether he struck him or not I could not tell for certain.

Q. Was Kelly still lying on the ground when you saw Tom thus kick at him? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did he kick many times at him? A. I should judge about three or four times.

Q. Did the kicks seem to be in the direction of Kelly's head? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did he kick violently? A. He was standing up in this manner (witness described how he kicked), and some one had hold of him; I think it was with his left foot he did it.

Q. From the position and what you saw should you think it was near enough to hit his head? A. Oh, yes, he was close enough to hit him, because he was lying right before him on the ground.

Q. Was it very soon after you saw Tom Sharpe kick in this way that you heard the first pistol shot fired? A. Yes, sir, very soon after, because I was looking at him a moment to look at the others, and after he had got quite off him the shot attracted my attention; the party with the policeman—Sam Sharpe and Leon and Tom Sharpe and Kelly—they must have been seventy-five to a hundred feet from me.

Q. Then between the kicking and the firing of the shot there was scarcely any time, just enough for you to look around and see and look towards them? A. Yes, sir; the other shots were not as quick because I saw Tom Sharpe stagger and fall before the other shot was fired; Kelly stepped up to him.

Q. He fell and Kelly stepped up and fired another just as quick as you have been telling? A. Yes, sir; I was not near enough to the parties to hear the words that were spoken previous to the shooting; I saw Sam Sharpe make a blow at Leon; I think he struck at him with his clinched fist; Leon stopped back as if in the act of getting out of Sam Sharpe's way; I was standing nearly opposite to where I was when Sam Sharpe fired at him; there was nobody with him, and he was not doing anything to my knowledge; Sam Sharpe came from Broadway; Kelly was ten or twelve feet from him when he fired; after he fired Kelly and the policeman interfered and took hold of his hands to prevent him from firing at Kelly.

There not being any more witnesses for the prosecution present, the court adjourned till Wednesday morning at half-past ten o'clock, when the prosecution offered farther testimony. Dr. Henry Cohen, Abraham Nassbaum and others, testified substantially as did the previous witnesses. Officer Kenedy stated that when he arrested Kelly he had black eyes, with swollen head and marks of blood, with a mark on the jawbone.

John H. Delafield, sworn: Was at the Fifth-avenue Opera House; after the performance Kelly and Leon came down the steps, closely followed by Sam Sharpe, who was excited; Sam said to Leon: "You are a liar, and you, Kelly, a——; I can lick the two of you;" and took off his coat and seized hold of Leon; a Mr. Matthews rushed in and Leon then ran away, closely followed by Sam Sharpe. Tom Sharpe then came up; Sam said to him, "You look after this one, and I will look after Leon;" Tom then clinched Kelly and threw him, Tom lying uppermost; the crowd gathered around, and Kelly cried "Take him off;" two or three people dragged Sam Sharpe off; some kicking took place; witness' view then being obstructed by the crowd, he could not see further, but heard three pistol-shots; saw Tom Sharpe fall across on his face.

Samuel Sharpe, the brother of the murdered man, testified that he was at the Opera House on the afternoon in question; went alone, and did not know that his brother was there; saw Kelly, and soon after saw Leon; did not call any one an "Irish ——."

Cross-examination.—Did call some one a ——; was interested in the receipts and welfare of the Fifth Avenue Opera House at the time, although that fact was not known to the public; when he went down stairs asked Mr. Allinson to wait for him, as he wanted to see Mr. Leon; saw Allinson shaking hands with Leon about six months previous to the murder; followed Kelly and Leon when they left the building, and spoke to the latter; did not say aloud to any one that he had been waiting for these —— for six months; could not recollect what he said after he saw his brother's dead body; was under indictment for felonious assault upon Mr. Kelly; employed Mr. Anthon as special counsel to prosecute this case.

Stephen Smith, M. D., testified that he was present at the *post-mortem* examination of the body of Thomas Sharpe; examined the wounds; one was on the right side, an inch or two below the ribs, and another in the liver; there was another in the diaphragm, and in the right ventricle of the heart; another wound on left side between the fourth and fifth ribs; the fatal wound was on the right side, and the track passed upward from below and from the right to the left.

After the examination of Charles H. Garland, manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, the prosecution rested, after which the counsel for the prisoner—Henry L. Clinton—addressed the jury by way of indicating the line of the defence. He would show, he said, that this was as clear a case of self-defence as ever was presented before a court for trial. That Mr. Kelly did not do how that such a person existed as Tom Sharpe, and that under the law a man has a right to take the life of an assailant if he is in danger of great bodily harm. Augustus A. Trimbell, Charles Hale, the low comedian, and several others were examined, but nothing different from the above was testified to.

Francis Leon testified that he went to the Opera House on the 11th of December last, with Kelly; had never had any trouble with Mr. Sam Sharpe; first saw Sam Sharpe when they came out of the theatre; Sharpe tapped witness on the shoulder and he turned round and Sharpe said, "You d——d liar, you have been telling lies about me—saying my property was mortgaged;" a few words followed, when Sharpe pulled a ring off his finger and handed it to some person in the crowd; Sharpe then struck witness; Kelly stepped between and said, "Sharpe, you are too big odds with in London then add to Kelly, "You are an Irish ——, I can beat you both;" Sharpe made other blows at witness, when Kelly took off his coat; Mr. Allinson then caught hold of Kelly and said, "Mr. Kelly, you must not interfere;" witness said to Kelly at the commencement, "Come away, he (Sharpe) is doing this for an advertisement;" when Allinson caught Kelly, Sharpe made again at witness, when he started to run; then saw a large man near Kelly, and Sam Sharpe turned to him (Thos. Sharpe) and said, "Take care of him and I'll take care of the other;" ran toward the Hoffman House, till he met a policeman, when Sharpe cried out, "Arrest that man;" "Yes," witness said, "arrest me;" the policeman saw witness wasn't big on the fight, and he let him go again; returned to the Opera House and saw Kelly on the ground and Sharpe over him; heard Kelly say, "For God's sake take him off me;" saw the big man kick Kelly, to all appearances, about the head; when the big man was taken off, Kelly got up, and then Sharpe advanced toward Kelly, when the latter fired two shots; the big man fell down (a pistol produced), that pistol belonged to Kelly; he used it on the stage in the farce of "Stop that Laugh-ing" and left one of the barrels empty; saw Sam Sharpe fire; the policeman and the policeman were on the street; after the firing by Kelly, Sharpe and the policeman seemed very much frightened, particularly the policeman; Sam Sharpe then fired at Mr. Kelly.

After hearing several other witnesses without furnishing any new features, the Court adjourned until Thursday morning, when the case was resumed at 10.30. Dr. Ordway, formerly a well known minstrel manager, in whose employ Mr. Kelly had been for some time, came on from Boston expressly to testify to the good character of Mr. Kelly. After Dr. Ordway had been examined the evidence was closed, after which Mr. Clinton spoke for the defence on those points of law bearing on the right to take the life of an assailant where some great bodily harm was anticipated or inflicted. There could have been but little doubt that Thomas Sharpe was armed, and the weapon was abstracted from the body by some discreet friend. All the evidence went to show that Kelly was wholly unacquainted with the deceased, and throughout he acted on motives of purely self-defence, as he anticipated another attack from Sharpley. That any man would be as guilty of a moral crime as a suicide, who would permit his life to be taken without a struggle, and the preservation of life was a duty every man owes to society. Recorder Hackett, in charging, said the accused could not be convicted of murder in the first degree, nor could he be convicted of manslaughter in the second degree. Killing another in the heat of passion, without a design to produce death, could only come under the head of manslaughter in the fourth degree. After reviewing the evidence at some length, he concluded by endorsing the opinion of counsel for the defence, that homicide was justifiable in a case where a man supposed that he was going either to be killed or receive a grievous bodily injury. The jury retired at a quarter to one o'clock, and returned to the court room at one o'clock, and delivered a verdict of "Not Guilty." There was a burst of applause at this announcement, which was promptly suppressed by the officers of the court, and Kelly was at once surrounded by his friends, when a grand hand shaking ensued. Kelly also shook each of the jurors by the hand as they passed out of the court room. Seldom has there been more unmistakable demonstrations exhibited in a court of justice of approval and gratification with the verdict of a jury than that which greeted the acquittal of Edwin Kelly.

E. L. DAVENPORT took a farewell benefit at the Academy of Music, on April 30th, prior to his departure for California. "Hamlet" was produced with the following cast:—Hamlet, E. L. Davenport; Ghost, D. H. Harkins; King, Geo. H. Rynar; Polonius, Thos. E. Morris; Laertes, Geo. Clark; Horatio, F. Maeder; Rosencrans, W. S. Higgins; Guilderstein, J. Turner; First Actor, Claude Burroughs; Second Actor, Sam'l. Drake; Osric, Irene Gray; First Gravedigger, Lewis Baker; Second Gravedigger, Harry Hayes; Priest, John Huntley; Bernardo, J. Wilson; Marcellus, H. H. Pratt; Francisco, W. James; Queen, Isabella Preston; Ophelia, Kate Rynar; and Player Queen, Miss Thompson; Stage Manager, Lewis Baker. The attendance was very small, but those that were there were very enthusiastic. Mr. Davenport's performance of Hamlet was not only very enjoyable, but one of the most scholarly interpretations of the melancholy Dane yet witnessed in this city.

THE FRENCH THEATRE has been leased for five years by Mr. Grau at an annual rental of $23,100 besides the privileges of the stockholders. The leases is required to expend $15,000 in reconstructing the front, and to give fifty performances of French comedy each season.

RISTORI returned to this city on April 29th, and commenced her farewell performances at the French Theatre on May 2d, in "Sor Teresa."

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE sailed for England by the Scotia on April 29th.

THE THREE LATEST accessions to the Theatre Comique Company—Messrs. Lingard, Hilton and Airee—have become great favorites with the audiences, and appear nightly in a change of programme. Mr. Lingard sang the past week his original song of "As thro' the Park I Go," in female attire, and it promises to become as popular as his song of "On the Beach at Long Branch," which is being whistled about the streets and sung in a great many other places of amusement, as well as the Free Easies. Mr. Lingard is now in his fifth week at the Comique, and announces a change in his songs for the current week. Mons. Airee, who came over from England with the Hilton Combination, appeared the past week in his aerial act entitled, Aerevolante, which he performed with considerable ability. He is a very daring and graceful gymnast, and does his act apparently with ease. Hilton's ventriloquism takes well. Lew Brinnner's banjo solos, Helene's dancing, together with the balance of the programme offered, make up a most excellent variety entertainment.

"THE GRAND DUTCH S." appeared at Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall on April 27th in change of costume, Leon having received from Paris the latest style of square cut trail dresses, which, being the first worn in public, created considerable of a flutter among the lady portion of the audience. Prince Paul also had a new rig, and Nelse Seymour looked every inch a prince. The burlesque continues in favor with the public, assisting with the rest of the entertainment offered to attract crowded audiences.

James Blamphin, harpist, and F. B. Naylor, balladist, lately arrived from England, made their *debut* in this country at the above hall on April 27th. Mr. Blamphin is one of the best harpists we have ever heard, and his solo was so heartily applauded, that he played "The Harp thro' Tara's Hall" with considerable feeling, and a delicacy of touch we never before heard excelled. His variations were very fine. Mr. Naylor possesses a very high tenor voice, and he appears to sing altogether from the throat. He sang "Napolitaine" in the first part, and a ballad in the olio, accompanied by Mr. Blamphin on the harp. We are pleased to see that Leon has changed his style of song and dance in the olio, dispensing with the rough off-hand way of doing it, as well as the dress. Leon is too great an artist in his burlesque *prima donna* business to resort to that style of performance. He now appears in a female act which takes very well. There are now nineteen performers in the first part, besides the pianist.

SAN FRANCISCO HALL continues well attended each evening, and Messrs. Birch, Wambold, Bernard and Backus seldom fail to provide their visitors with a most enjoyable entertainment. It is of an exceedingly varied character, and music and mirth are happily blended in it. Only the best performers are permitted to appear, and thus the performances are not only of an amusing description, but remarkable for the total absence of anything in the slightest degree approaching to vulgarity, and the jokes and witticisms, although pointed and pungent, are neat and refined. The programme for the current week is as attractive as ever.

THE WORRELL SISTERS have made a decided hit at their theatre in the burlesque of "Paris and Helen," which is now in the fourth week of its representation. It plays very smoothly, and as each performer has become better acquainted with his or her part there are no hitches, and the songs are nightly *encored* from two to three times. Sophie Worrell has never before appeared in a character that was so well suited to her, or one in which she has been so favorably received. This burlesque has been placed upon the stage in most excellent style, and is deserving the success it is meeting with. M. W. Leffingwell commenced an engagement on April 27th, in "Too Much for Good Nature," appearing in his very laughable *role* of Romeo Jaffier Jenkins—an impersonation which he has made a specialty. His reception was cordial in the extreme, and he appeared to advantage. Mr. Leffingwell continues this performance all this week. A matinee is given each Saturday afternoon.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND.—This institution, which is for the benefit of relieving members of the profession who have reached the sere and yellow leaf, and have strutted their last brief hour before the footlights, has a treasury which has become depleted, caused by the many demands made upon it by those who have been really in want. Those who have had charge of the business of the fund appear to have been very neglectful of it, for the treasury has not been so low before since its organization in 1848. At no time has an appeal been made but that it has been responded to, and at once. The public knowing how worthy an object it is, has always come forward most liberally with its patronage when an entertainment in its aid has been prepared, and no member of the profession would cease to render all assistance in his or her power. The present trustees are working most advantageously for the interests of the association. No sooner did they make known the state of affairs than offers were made from artists and managers on every side. Among those who have volunteered a benefit for the fund are the following: Dan Bryant takes his final leave of the dramatic stage in a white face at the Academy of Music, on the 7th inst., when he will appear in "Handy Andy" and the "Irish Emigrant;" Charles Eytinge, who lately made his *debut* in this city as a reader, will give a reading on the 9th at Steinway Hall; on the 11th, Fanny Janauschek gives a performance at the Academy of Music, with Jean Lander on the same night. Lester Wallack, Wheatley, the Olympic, Worrell Sisters and Barney Williams, all give *matinee* performances on different days in aid of the fund.

THE WILLIAMSES commence this evening the fourth week of their engagement at the Broadway Theatre, in "Connie Soogah." GREAT COMIC HIT is "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic Theatre. Densely crowded audiences continue to witness its representation each evening, and at the *matinees*. Every evening, before the first act is over, the sign "Standing Room Only" is placed at the box office. The comic tricks of clown and pantaloon, the daring leaps of harlequin, the enchanting music, beautiful scenery, excellent dancing, the skating scene and the transformation scene, all go to make up one of the most enjoyable entertainments to be found in this city.

THE PET PHILO DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gives a performance of "Caste" at the French Theatre on the 6th inst., in aid of the Samaritan Home for Aged Men.

G. C. BONIFACE is in the third week of his engagement at the Bowery Theatre. The drama of "Jack Sheppard," produced on April 27th, continues to be the attraction.

N. B. CLARKE, stage manager at the Old Bowery Theatre, takes a benefit on this 6th inst.

OLD ENGLISH COMEDIES are performed all this week at Wallack's Theatre.

ALICE SEIDLER, vocalist, commences at the Theatre Comique this evening.

THE PROGRAMME prepared by Tony Pastor this week for the patrons of his Opera House, is one that ought to prove attractive, as it is replete with the latest novelties. Tony appears in a medley giving imitations of several popular actors. Frank Kerns, who was favorably received the past week, appears as Camille. John Poole has contributed his share to the programme by writing a local drama, the subject of which is "The New York Factory Girls"—a subject on which much could be written.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WAR, with Sallie Brownson Goodrich as lecturer, continues on exhibition at Broadway and Twenty-fourth street.

BLIND TOM commences a series of his entertainments at Irving Hall this evening.

AT NIBLO'S the "White Fawn" continues to be the attraction, having passed its one hundredth representation. During the past week the *ballet* of the "Carnival of Venice," originally danced in the "Crook" by Bonfanti and De Costa, was introduced in the "Fawn," and was well received. On April 29th, Schlager, the young *danseuse*, appeared in a dance called "La Espanol." Mlle. Rosa, a *premier danseuse*, who arrived from London the [illegible] inst., is the daughter of old John Reed, of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, died in this city on April 27th.

SIG. OLIVER, the owner of the Cynocephalus, which lately died in this city, has despatched an agent to England to procure him several others.

MAGIC MACHINERY MANUFACTURERS are the Lubin Brothers, who so advertise in the CLIPPER.

BRYANTS' MINSTREL HALL on Fourteenth street opens on the 18th inst.

KU KLUX KLAN is the title of a new sketch produced by the San Francisco Minstrels this week.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE commence a season of English Opera in this city at the French Theatre on the 11th inst., "Martha" being the initial opera given, with Caroline Richings, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, William Castle, S. C. Campbell and J. C. Peaks in the cast.

JOHN SIVORI, the musician, is prepared to wait on banjoic pupils at their residences.

MESSRS. L. W. SEAVEY & CO., the competent scenic artists, have moved their establishment from Perry to MacDougal street, this city. See their card in our advertising columns.

FANNY KEMBLE terminated her readings, in this city, for the present on the 2d inst.

MRS. JOHN SLOAN, widow of the once popular actor of that name, was lately married in this city to William Lindsey. The couple are enjoying the sweets of life at Newcomb, on the Highlands, and during their perambulations up and down the Hudson may they glide along in smooth water and never sink.

WILLIAM HENDERSON, manager of the Pittsburgh Opera House, arrived in this city on the 4th inst., and has gone to his summer residence on Long Branch, where he intends remaining during the hot spell.

GEORGE CHRISTY has deferred his departure for England until December. John Brougham has written an Ethiopian drama expressly for him which he intends to open with in London.

AMONG our theatrical advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER will be found a number of cards from Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds, to which the attention of all in the show business is directed.

A DRAMATIC COLLEGE, where beginners can learn how to strut the stage and learn all the little ins and outs pertaining to stage business, has been established at 180 Bowery by Messrs Thompson and Riggs, in addition to their agency business.

ROBERT BUTLER has disposed of his lease of the property known as the American theatre, lately burnt out, to the owners of the property, for, we are informed, a handsome bonus, and for the present Mr. Butler retires from the business, but will open a large and handsome establishment, similar to the Alhambra, in London, early in the fall, the location of which will be on Broadway, between Fourth and Eighth streets.

Dramatic.

B. F. DUGAN'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed at Portsmouth, Ohio, a two weeks' engagement, closing there April 29th, and opened in Chillicothe on April 30th for two weeks. Annie and Joseph Sefton are the stars. "Camille" was performed on April 29th, at Portsmouth, with Annie Sefton as Camille and Joseph Sefton as Gaston. The company consists of John Nunan, T. W. Keene, R. C. Grierson, W. H. Collins, J. F. Ward, J. S. Stephens, Miss Clarisse, Emily Vernon, Miss E. Flynn, Carrie White, Mrs. Ward, and Mr. and Mrs. Sefton.

EMMA MADDERN, a lady who has but recently re-appeared on the stage after a lengthy retirement, has been meeting with success wherever she has played, and is becoming one of the brightest stars in the dramatic firmament. Her late engagement in Boston at the Howard Athenæum was a successful one, having been extended from two to three weeks. Last week she appeared in Portland, Me., and for her farewell benefit on May 1st, appeared as Nip, the Crow, in Fred Maeder's local drama of that name. She was supported by William Scanlan, J. F. Healy, Harry Crisp, M. J. Lanagan, J. R. Howard, Geo. Tyler, Miss Gordon, Mary Estelle, Mrs. J. R. Healy, and Florence Noble.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., which terminated on April 25th, says our correspondent, "Novice," "was inaugurated by Messrs. Spalding and Rapley on the 7th of last October. The season was formally opened by the Richings English Opera Troupe on the 16th of September, and a brilliant and successful feast of English Opera was given until the 7th of the ensuing month, when the regular dramatic season commenced. 'Sam' was the opening piece selected. Mr. Chanfrau appeared in his usual round of characters during his engagement, and was succeeded by Lucille Western, who fulfilled a successful engagement, producing during her stay, 'East Lynne,' 'Green Bushes,' 'Camille,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Leah,' and 'Atonement; or, The Child Stealer.' Ristori followed Miss Western, appearing for two nights only, November 1st and 2d, and impersonating the *roles* of 'Elizabeth' and 'Marie Antoinette.' Mr. James E. Murdoch was the next star. He commenced his engagement on November 4th, and appeared during his stay in 'Wild Oats,' 'Wine Works Wonders,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Money.' His engagement, pecuniarily, was not a success; at least it was not as profitable as those fulfilled by Chanfrau and Lucille Western. Lady Don followed Mr. Murdoch, and commenced a six nights' engagement on the 11th, appearing as Polly Eccles in 'Caste.' Blanche Grey, Charles Vandenhoff, E. Lamb, Mrs. H. P. Grattan and C. L. Allen rendered valuable support to Lady Don, and her engagement was as successful as the management could have desired. The 'Pretty Horsebreaker' and 'Kenilworth' filled out the week. At this time the managers determined to strengthen their company. To effect this, Messrs. W. E. Sheridan, Humphrey Bland, Francis Foster and Annie Waite were engaged, the former to divide leading business with C. Vandenhoff, and the last named as leading lady. Lady Don was succeeded by Maggie Mitchell, who opened on the 18th, in 'Fanchon,' and during her stay of two weeks, produced 'Little Barefoot,' 'Pearl of Savoy,' 'Little Treasure,' 'Margot, the Poultry Dealer,' and 'Romeo and Juliet.' J. R. Hackett was the next star. His engagement commenced on December 9th, and continued six nights, during which time the plays of 'King Henry Fourth,' 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' 'Man of the World' and 'Post Office Mistake,' were finely given. Mr. Hackett's successor was Edwin Forrest, who gave ten performances, the first being given on the 9th. Miss Lillie and Barton Hill appeared as support. The prices of admission were raised to parquet and dress circle, $1, and orchestra chairs, $1 50. 'Richelieu,' 'Jack Cade,' 'Virginius,' 'Othello,' 'Gladiator,' 'King Lear,' 'Metamora,' 'Richard Third,' 'Damon and Pythias' and 'Hamlet,' were given. John E. Owens followed, opening on the 23d, in 'Solon Shingle' and the 'Poor Gentleman,' 'Married Life,' 'Paul Pry,' 'Happiest Day,' 'Victims,' 'Forty Winks,' 'Everybody's

DODGE AND BARTINE'S VARIETY SHOW started on their traveling tour, April 10th. A correspondent says:—"At McArthur and Jackson they had to stop the sale of tickets on account of the canvas being so crowded that it would not hold any more people. They show in Chillicothe, April 25th; Kingston, 27th; Circleville, 28th; Tarlton, 29th; Lancaster, 30th, and Logan, May 1st. John L. Davenport is a favorite, also Charles Bastine, William Sparks and Charley Seymour. The Tucker Brothers are good in their double contortion act. The Rivolo Brothers, Charles Madden and Miss Kate Davenport, are in the company. The Bliss Family are expected to join the company in a few days."

THAYER AND NOYES' CIRCUS is reported to have done pretty well of late in despite of very bad weather. The company performed at Bedford, Pa., on April 18th, and the following day—Sunday—they traveled to Cumberland. On the road they passed the grave of old Hannibal, the War Elephant, as he was called. The company visited the grave and the band played.

GEORGE DE HAVEN'S CIRCUS commenced the season at Macomb, Ill., on May 2d.

RED HOOK, N. Y., says a correspondent, is a good place for a circus to visit, as a suitable lot can be secured at a fair price.

AIMES' CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibits in Vicksburg, Miss., on the 8th and 9th inst.

THAYER & NOYES' CIRCUS is in Pittsburgh, Pa., all this week, and appears in Canton, Ohio, on the 14th.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE was at Wheeling, Va., on April 30th and May 1st. Cordelia, the child rider, is highly spoken of by the press wherever the show has appeared. She is said to ride with a grace and reckless fearlessness hitherto unknown in the profession. George M. Kelly, the champion leaper, late from the American circus, Paris, joined the concern at Parkersburgh, Va., on April 27th. The concern plays in Steubenville, Ohio, May 6th; Wellsburgh, Va., 7th; Hornellsville, 8th, and Marietta, O., 9th. Then they go down the river by steamer "Coosa," and will be in Louisville in about two weeks.

HEMMINGS, COOPER & WHITEY'S CIRCUS performed in Troy, N. Y., on May 2d.

Negro Minstrelsy.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS open at Library Hall, Chicago, on Monday, May 4th, for one week, and will then take possession of their new hall, corner Clark and Monroe streets, with the following company:—Wm. Arlington, Cool Burgess, and Charley Reynolds, comedians; O. P. Sweet, C. S. Fredericks, Otis Carter; and Signor Brandisi, quartette; Blakely, late of Fred. Wilson's, will lead the orchestra, which will contain Russy, Voss, Kales, Stanton, Ainsworth, and Brooks; Eugene Florence, wench business, and Mike Kanane, clogrist. Their new hall, under the supervision of Mr. D. B. Hodges, is fast approaching completion, and will be a cosy and neat place of entertainment, capable of seating 1800 persons. Jack Haverly holds the managerial reins, and Hodges is general business agent.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, ever on the alert for novelties, offer their patrons a burlesque on "Tangled Threads" at their opera house, Philadelphia, this week.

BANJO STUDENTS, and those who wish to get posted in jig and clog dancing, should not fail to make a note of the advertisements of the expert banjoist, J. K. Buckley, in another column.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, in Cincinnati, are popular as ever, and do a swimming "biz." The attractions last week were the Ethiopian farce of "Schemarhorn's Boy" and "Scenes at the Ravel Roost." Allen, Manning, Queen and Collins, appeared. Billy Manning had a rousing benefit on April 24th. This week's bill embraces a local farce, "New Year's Calls."

"THE PROGRESS OF AMERICA," the historical panorama so successfully produced at Hooley's Minstrel Hall, Brooklyn, last season, has been equally successful on its revival, and it is now attracting large and delighted audiences. John Mulligan, who appeared the past week, was heartily received by a crowded house, and his reception each evening was flattering to an old time favorite. He continues his engagement. Dan W. Collins commences this week in his "Happy Old Man" song. The act called "Scenes on the Mississippi," introducing the landing of a steamboat "striking" a wood pile, the race, explosion and boat on fire, were so vividly represented as to elicit considerable applause. The same act is repeated each evening this week, also a new walk around by the company called "Andy Johnson."

FRED WILSON'S MINSTRELS, St. Louis, Mo., did a lively business the past week. Ca'. Wagner's introduction of his brass band was received with roars of laughter. Among the attractions offered were the "Lost Coat Tails," scenes from the "Seven Sisters" by the imported flat foot ballet troupe, Gustave Bideaux with the ballads of "The Beautiful Girl of the South" and "The Little Broken Ring," the performance closing with the burlesque of "The Freedman College." Many novelties and changes are promised during the present week, among which will be the first appearance of Billy Sweatnam, banjo player, and the burlesque of "Under the Gaslight." J. K. Emmett closed his engagement the past week, and, in connection with Dick Carroll, starts a traveling show. A complimentary benefit has been tendered them, to take place on May 7th at Mercantile Library Hall.

NEWHARD'S MINSTRELS are traveling through Texas. They were at Dallas on April 22d and were to go thence to Fort Worth and Jefferson.

CHARLEY PETTENGILL'S MINSTRELS perform in Fitchburgh, Mass., on the 6th inst.

BILLY EMMERSON AND JOHNNY ALLEN'S COMPANY is fully organized, and will start from New York June 1st. N. B. Roberts is the agent and has engaged Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, for a couple of weeks during the summer.

AT MORRIS BROTHERS' OPERA HOUSE, Boston, the "Black Fawn" is in its sixth week.

GEORGE CHRISTY opens an engagement with the Morris Brothers in Boston, on the 11th inst.

Miscellaneous.

SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE performed at Rock Island, Ill., on April 23d and 30th; Clinton, Iowa, May 1st, and was to be at Lyons 2d; Galena, Ill., 4th; Dubuque, Iowa, 5th and 6th; McGregor, 7th and 8th; Prairie Du Chien, Wis., 9th; La Crosse, 11th; Winona, Minn., 12th; Red Wing, 13th; Hastings, 14th; St. Paul, 15th and 16th; Minneapolis, 18th and 19th; Rochester, 20th and 21st; Winona again on the 22d; La Crosse, 23d, and Portage City, 25th

JOHNNY QUEEN AND CHARLES E. COLLINS, who together act well their parts, being two young sports who have the repute of being lively mokes, have been performing with Newcomb's Minstrels at Cincinnati for four months, and proving attractive cards.

A CURIOUS SEA MONSTER, besides other things adapted to the side show business, is put in the market by James Heywood in our advertising columns.

THE BREBAN SWISS BELL RINGERS, of whom Geo. A. Florance is musical director, are now making a successful tour of the United States we understand, their performances being pronounced novel and attractive. For a list of the talent in the company, see manager Breban's card in another column.

THE JAPANESE TROUPE appear in Milwaukee, Wis., May 3d, for four nights.

THE CINCINNATI ORPHEUS, a new amateur musical society, will render two German operas, "Zampa," and "Wildschentz," for five nights, at Mozart Hall, in that city, commencing May 15th.

ANNA DE LA GRANGE, assisted by Brignoli, and one or two other artists, were advertised to give two concerts at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on May 1st and 2d.

A NEW CONCERT HALL, with stage, scenery, &c., fitted for dramatic purposes, is just finished at Murphysboro,' Ill.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS, the oldest troupe of the kind traveling, are said to be meeting with success along the Ohio river. They were at Paducah, Ky., April 28th and 29th; Cairo, 30th and May 1st. They dedicate the new Concert Hall at Murphysboro,' May 5th, and from thence go South. D. G. Waldron is ahead.

ALF BURNETT the humorist, closed in Baltimore, Md., on May 2d, and was to go thence to Clarksburg, Va., for the 4th and 5th, Marietta, Ohio, 6th, and opens in Boston, Mass., on June 15th.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX was on exhibition the past week at Mechanics Hall, Montreal.

THAT COMICAL BROWN, assisted by William Hayward, gave an entertainment in Lowell, Mass., on May 2d.

OLE BULL gave a concert on May 1st in Lowell, Mass.

PROF. M. Z. THOMAS is giving his "Medical Wonder out door concerts" through lower Illinois.

MISS JENNY BUSK, assisted by Herr Friedmann, tenor; Herr Jungnickel, violoncellist, and Prof. Mittler, musical director, gave a concert at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 30th ult. and drew a very large audience, who were greatly pleased with the selections offered. Miss Busk renders operatic and classical music in a manner that proves not only her natural talent, but the highest degree of cultivation. Her former concerts in the Capitol of the Nation gave great satisfaction."

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS have engaged the Woodworth sisters, of Cleveland, Ohio, and they joined the company at Bedford, O., on May 1st. Miss Lisette Peak is still ill with typhoid fever at the American House, Cleveland. Their balladist, Will Levake, was the recipient of a handsome gold headed cane at Massillon, O., a few days ago.

DAY'S BULLETIN of songs, ballads, dances, comedies and funny things, that he has on hand to supply minstrels and the profession at large, is again published in the Clipper for reference.

A PANORAMA of a journey through Egypt, Syria and Turkey, is on exhibition at Concert Hall, Philadelphia. Dr. J. T. Doyle is the lecturer.

JOHN L. DAVENPORT, clown and comic singer, may be engaged for the summer season by addressing him as per advertisement.

A YOUTH of 17 years of age, whose autograph in our advertising columns is W. F., wants a posish.

ANDREW F. THORP, an organ'st of New Bedford, Mass., who came to this country in 1839, died in that city on April 19th. He was born in Copenhagen, in 1817. In early life he possessed a soprano voice, which attracted the attention of the Musical Conservatory of his native city, who took him under their charge and gave him a musical education. Some years afterwards, having lost his voice, as is often the case with this class of vocalists, he devoted his attention to instrumental music, in which department he soon became a proficient.

MANAGERS wishing an agent possessed with tact, energy, and industry, should address A. C. Jones, as per advertisement.

SOL YEWELL, JR., wishes an engagement as an agent with a responsible star, company, or troupe. Read his card to that effect in our advertising columns.

THE GROVER GERMAN AND ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY closed at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., on the 2nd inst., after giving "Faust," "Fra Diavolo" and "Martha."

THE BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS appeared at Fitchburg, Mass. on April 29th, continuing four nights, to large audiences. The company consists of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Woodruffe, E. Hopkins, and W. Tomkins, with Alex. Fraser as business manager.

OLE BULL was to concertize in Troy, N. Y., on May 2d and 4th, assisted by Jenny Landsman, Gustavus F. Hall and Egbert Lansing.

A NEW OPERA HOUSE will shortly be commenced in New Haven, Conn., at the corner of Elm and State streets, a very central location, by Messrs. A. and A. Todd.

STOCKBRIDGE'S MILTONIAN TABLEAUX was on exhibition in Hamilton, Ohio, on April 24th.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS are about finishing up their trip through Vermont and New Hampshire for the purpose of going through Massachusetts and Rhode Island. They performed in Walpole, N. H., on April 22d, and Jaffrey, 23d. A correspondent says:—"The harp playing of Georgie Dean Spaulding is said to excel anything in this country, while W. P. Spaulding in the big bell solos receives triple *encores*. On April 29th the company were to be at Wilton; 30th, Milford; and May 1st at Nashua.

BERAN'S BELL RINGERS at present traveling through Pennsylvania are said to have met with a succession of good houses since they started out from Philadelphia.

BARNUM'S CURIOSITIES—the Circassian Girls, Annie Swan, the giantess; the Scottish dwarf, Wallace; the Mammoth infant and the Fat Woman—were at Titusville, Pa., on the 1st and 2d inst.; Oil City, 4th; and are to be at Franklin, 5th; and Meadville, 6th and 7th.

THE ELLINGER AND FOOTE COMBINATION opened in Canton, Ohio, on April 29th, and remained two nights, and went thence to Massillon, O., for the 1st and 2d; Wooster, 4th and 5th; and Crestline 6th and 7th.

A HARD WORKING AGENT advertises in the CLIPPER for a "posish."

LOGRENIA has been performing at the St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., where he commenced on April 23d and closed on the 2d of May.

THE DOBSON BROTHERS announce in an advertisement elsewhere that they are prepared to furnish their patent banjos to parties out of the city by express. They have opened an instructing room at 260 Devonshire st., Bost. city, and one at 200 Newark Avenue, Jersey City, where they are prepared at all times to teach parties how to master the old banjo.

WALDEN'S OPERA HOUSE, Paterson, N. J., can be rented by the week or single night by addressing the proprietor per advertisement elsewhere. It is well stocked with scenery, has a commodious stage, plenty of dressing rooms, considerable stage machinery, and is every way adapted for dramatic performances.

OLIVE LOGAN gave "Stage Struck" in Indianapolis, Ind., on April 30th, and on May 1st gave a reading. The attendance the second night is said to have been one of the most fashionable ever drawn in that city. A correspondent says:—"She outdrew Gough, even, who has often lectured here, but never to so much money. Undoubtedly Miss Logan's success at this time, when business generally is so dead, is very flattering to her."

O. A. ROORBACK, of 102 Nassau street this city, publishes all the latest Ethiopian farces, and in an advertisement elsewhere states that he is prepared to furnish printed copies at 15 cents each.

R. H. ARMSTRONG'S address is enquired for by Charles Covelli in our advertising columns.

A COMIC VOCALIST AND LECTURER will be disengaged on the 11th inst. and is desirous of an engagement to travel. See advertisement.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Quincy, Ill., which is well fitted up, and has a seating capacity of 1,200, may be rented by addressing T. T. Woodruff, as per advertisement.

PROF. HASELMAYER continued his feats in magic at Lancaster, Pa., the past week.

A PANTOMIME for the Christmas of 1869 may be procured of Hugo Vamp, as per advertisement.

JOHN DENIER'S CONSUMPTION TROUPE AND BRASS BAND were at Green Bay, Wis., on April 25th, 27th and 28th. Among the company are Mr. E. M. Hall, song and dance man and banjo soloist, who is a favorite; Frank Carleton, E. C. Buell, Maggie Willett and several others. As may be seen by advertisement, E. M. Hall is desirous of an engagement.

UNION HALL, Monmouth, Ill., is a most convenient and artistically ornamented establishment, having a seating capacity of two thousand, and has beautiful scenery, dressing rooms, etc., so that it is esteemed as being well adapted for dramatic, minstrel and other performances. Managers of troupes wishing to rent it should address G. K. Russell, as instructed in an advertisement in another column.

Amateur.

THE SODALITY LITERARY AND DRAMATIC CLUB gave their first entertainment of the season in Louisville, Ky., on April 28th. The performance consisted of "Der Freischutz," dramatized from the opera of that name. The piece is said to have been rendered in excellent style, and well received by the large audience, who expressed their approbation in frequent rounds of applause.

A PARTY OF AMATEURS gave a performance at Lowell, Mass., on April 22d, which is said to have passed off satisfactorily.

THE CAIRO ATHENÆUM has been opened by the Cairo local dramatic troupe under the management of Frank Hardy.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed on April 30th, "Box and Cox;" Box, Mr. Hulfish; Cox, Mr. Londenslayer; followed by "Toodles." Mr. Hulfish as Timothy failed in the part of a drunkard, the others did well to middling. "The Rough Diamond" was the afterpiece, in which Mrs. Conway as Margery was excellent.....The Boothenian performed "Golden Farmer" and "Robert Macaire" on April 30th. In the former piece Mr. Thomas as the Farmer, Mr. Francis as Old Mobb, Mr. Perry as Twitcher, and Mr. Quigley as Hammer were excellent. No one, says a correspondent, would have recognized the afterpiece as "Robert Macaire," although Mr. Francis and Mr. Perry did all they could to make the piece a success.

Foreign Show News.

"LE ROI LEAR" was produced at the Odeon, Paris, on April 6th. This version of Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Lear" is by M. Jules Lacroix, whose rendering of "Macbeth" was successful on the same boards some three or four years since. In the announcement the play is said to be imitated from Shakespeare. The task of the imitator or adaptor has been limited to compression and excision, a fact which speaks well for his taste. No attempt has been made to alter the termination or any of the principal scenes. Whatever liberties have been taken with the drama have owed their origin to a desire to concentrate the action. Gloster and his sons are altogether unmentioned. The violence of Regan and Goneril is considerably tamed down. It is but justice to the verse of M. Lacroix to say that, if at times a little labored, it is always impressive. It was received with exceeding favor, the whole affair being indeed a complete success. Beauvallet played Lear, but failed, it is said, to impart that measure of kingly dignity necessary to a perfect realization of the character. The scene in which he appeared clasping the dead body of Cordelia fairly carried away the audience and is continued very affecting. M'lle Sarah Bernard played Cordelia, and M'lle A ar, Gonerill.

PRINCE POSIATOWSKI'S new opera is soon to be produced in Paris, as well as one composed by the Duke de Massa, and a drama written by Prince Conti.

A COMPANY OF BAVARIANS have been giving representations in Alsace of a sacred drama, entitled "The Life and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ." Several Bishops are said to patronize the entertainment. The programme, which is printed in French and German, contains eighteen scenes, beginning with Abraham offering up his son Isaac, and ending with the Resurrection, accompanied by the organ. It is stated that the performance is an imitation of that which has taken place every ten years since the sixteenth century in Bavaria.

"LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS" is in rehearsal at the Opera Comique, Paris.

THE HUNDREDTH REPRESENTATION of "Genevieve de Braban" has been reached at the Theatre des Menus Plaisirs.

M. GOUSOD has completed another opera, to a book by M. Legouve.

"CENDRILLON" was revived on April 11th at the Chatelet. At this house M. Coulurier's drama, "Le Comte d'Essex," is in rehearsal.

AN ANALYSIS of the performances at the Comedie, Paris, during the past three months, shows that forty-six works have been played, of which twenty-seven are by modern and nineteen by ancient authors.

A NEW DRAMA by Alexander Dumas, drawn from the romance of "Les Blancs et Les Bleues," will be the opening spectacle at the new Theatre de Belleville, now in course of erection.

MR. POWRIE has been performing in "Rob Roy" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Glasgow.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL has appeared as the Grand Duchess, in Offenbach's Opera, at the Birmingham, Eng., Theatre. Mr. Harrison and Miss Augusta Thomson perform the parts which they represented at Covent Garden, London.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has, it is said, expressed a wish to Mr. Sothern that one of the old comedies should be played for the benefit of the Dramatic College, the cast to include all the principal artists in London. Mr. Sothern is understood to be busily engaged in making the necessary preparation.

THE ODEON, Paris, will rehearse, during the performance of "Roi Lear," the drama of "La Rue de Paix," dramatised by M. A. Belot from his romance with the same name. A drama, in five acts, and in verse, has been received at this house from M. Marc Bayeux. Its title is "Jeanne de Ligneris." It is probable that the piece, the principal *rôles* in which will be sustained by Taillade and M'lle Jane Essler, will be chosen for the opening performances in September.

STEPHEN MASSETT made his first appearance in Hong Kong on Feb. 24th.

BARRY SULLIVAN appeared at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng., on April 13th, as Richard the Third.

MISS HAZLEWOOD, of the Drury Lane and St. James Theatre, London, accompanied by J. H. Fitzpatrick, is about leaving London for America.

MR. AND MRS. HERMANN VEZIN appear at Manchester, Eng., May 4th, for two weeks, and Dublin 18th, for twelve nights.

HARRY LORAINE was advertised to open in Sheffield, May 4th, for twelve nights.

J. F. CATHCART commenced a two weeks' engagement in Dublin, Ireland, April 27th.

THE LONDON THEATRES.—The various places of amusement in London were well attended during Easter week, although not crowded. Easter, as regards theatrical arrangements, seems to be gradually losing its former distinctive features. During the past ten years there have been nearly thirty music halls erected, and three new theatres. The music halls are all doing a good business. There is a growing tendency also in the holiday seekers to enjoy themselves in the open air, not only at the Crystal Palace, the Zoological Gardens and other out door places, but the railways offer tempting inducements for a trip to some country spot which possesses either beauty or celebrity—or perhaps both. It is for these reasons, probably, that theatrical managers make no special preparations for the occasion, preferring to take their chance rather than risk a fresh outlay..... At Drury Lane Theatre "Don Giovanni" was presented on April 11th, with Clara Louisa Kellogg as Zerlina, one of her great successes last season. It is pronounced by critics with grace and intelligence, and though always animated and full of gaiety, she never condescends to extremes in delineating the arch coquetry of the village girl. On April 18th Miss Kellogg was announced to appear as Gilda in "Rigoletto."..... Prof. Risley's Japs are holding forth at the Lyceum Theatre, and are said to excel in every way the Japs who appeared some time since at St. Martin's Hall. ..... The Haymarket finds that a drama of "A Hero of Romance" is sufficiently attractive to continue its representations. E. A. Sothern's performance of the Marquis is well spoken of..... Boucicault's "Jeanie Dean" is attractive at the Princess', while "Go Thoroughfare" is the attraction at the Alexandra..... Mad. Celeste made her *re-entre* in London after an absence of three years at the St. James' Theatre on April 23th, in "The Woman in Red." Her appearance before the footlights was hailed upon at the end of each act as an acknowledgment of the gratification of the numerous audience, and at the conclusion of the drama there was an absolute ovation, to assure the actress of the strong impression produced by her undiminished powers. The present series of farewell performances, which are announced to be strictly limited to twelve representations, are stated in the programme to be under the especial patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, "who have, in the most gracious manner, especially accorded this particular mark of favor."..... Prof. Anderson, with the assistance of his sons and daughters is giving entertainments in magic, second sight, &c., at Sadler's Wells..... Miss Glyn opened at the Standard in "The Duchess of Malfi" and her acting of the *role* is highly spoken of..... The refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to license the drama of "Oliver Twist," and his subsequent sanction for its performance, has created quite considerable interest in its representation at the Queen's Theatre. Toole is playing the Artful Dodger, Irving, Bill Sikes; Mr. Ryder the Jew and Nelly Moore, Nancy Sikes..... The Menken is attracting crowded audiences to the Pavilion Theatre by her performance of "Mazeppa," where she opened on April 13th. She is called before the curtain several times each evening.

BELL AND MYERS being about to dissolve copartnership, offer their menagerie for sale. Among the collection will be found a large number of wild animals said to be young and sound. This sale will take place in or close to Paris, about the middle of July. Mr. Myers intends returning to America. At the expiration of the Tenting Season, on or about the 1st of November, 1868, they will also dispose of their Equestrian establishment, containing 110 horses, of all colors, and broke for equestrian business; eight thoroughbred dancing horses, five thoroughbred trick horses, Mazeppa and Turpin horses, bare-back and pad horses, including thirty ponies of all colors, broke for the business; thirty-six carriages, including tableau carriages; eighty new acts of harness, made this spring by Mr. Fillingham, of London; parade dresses, and an immense wardrobe. Also the performing elephant, "Billy," and a cage of full grown performing lions.

MRS. ALMOND, better known as Emma Romer, died at Margate, Eng., on April 13th, aged fifty-four. Her health had been failing for some time past, and an attack of spasms of the heart was the immediate cause of death. The family has been unusually distinguished by the musical talent of its members. Her brother, Mr. Frank Romer, is known as a composer of great excellence; another brother, Mr. Robert Romer, is the well-known comedian of the Adelphi Theatre; one of her sisters is the wife of Mr. Mark Lemon; Mr. William Romer, who was a popular tenor under the name of Travers, and who died in May, 1855, in his thirty-eighth year, was another member of the family; and Miss Anne Romer, a cousin of the late *prima donna*, who was a great favorite on the lyric stage of Liverpool, became the wife of Mr. William Brough, whilst her sister married the late Mr. Robert Brough.

MARY ANN COOKE, wife of Thomas Cooke and mother of Wm. Cooke, late lessee of Astley's Theatre, London, died in Wimbledon, Eng., April 15th, aged 85 years.

LADY DON opened in Newcastle, Eng., on April 13th, in "The Child of the Regiment" and the burlesque of "Kenilworth."

BANDMANN has been performing with success in Manchester, England.

FIVE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND NINE PERSONS were admitted to the Crystal Palace, London, Eng., on Friday, April 17th.

KATE REIGNOLDS arrived in London, Eng., on April 20th. She will shortly appear at one of the provincial theatres.

CHARLES DICKENS, who left New York on the 15th ult., arrived in England on the 1st of May.

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TO LEASE for this SEASON, either on per centage or salary, a Curious Sea Monster, a big card for a Side Show. Also an attractive Hall Exhibition, Holy Land and Life of Christ. WANTED—Wax Figures, Stereoptic View Wagon, and large Canvas, with seats, etc. Address JAMES HEYWOOD, Northbridge, Mass. 5-11*

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The curtain rises at 7¾; performance terminates at 11 o'clock.
SPLENDID TRIUMPH.
BRILLIANT RECEPTION OF THE NEW ATTRACTIONS. CROWDED HOUSES.
MONDAY, MAY 4, 1868, FOR THE ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH TIME, will be presented the Grand Spectacular Burlesque, the WHITE FAWN, in which will appear Jarrett & Palmer's celebrated PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE.
GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 1 O'CLOCK.
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G. L. FOX.....as.....HUMPTY DUMPTY
G. L. FOX.....as.....CLOWN
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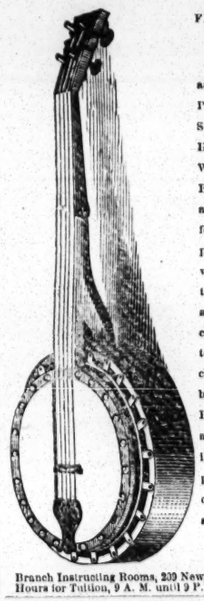

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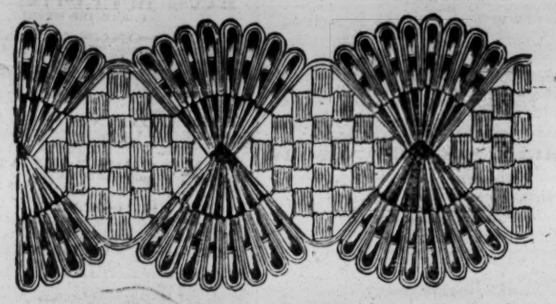

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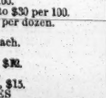

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